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VICTOR GOLLANCZ drawn by VICKY

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The Realities of the "Orthodox Recession"

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, whose broadcast this week looked to "another year of prosperity," does not seem unduly concerned by the forecasts of an "orthodox recession." For the United States, which has enjoyed a boom lasting twelve years, such a prospect may not be disturbing—provided that the decline does not go too far. A system which employs sixty-two million people, and has enormous resources, does not face disaster because production falls off by ten per cent. No one, Professor Hart of Columbia recently told his statistical colleagues in Washington, would worry about such a setback "because it is normal." The *New York Times*, reporting this conference, added: "All economists are agreed that if a recession does not occur in 1954, it is certain to come in 1955 or 1956."

If the recession, by U.S. standards, is as temporary and as undramatic as the "pause" of 1949, such complacency may be justified. Yet, for Britain and for other countries which earn their dollars on the margins of American prosperity, even so slight a setback may have evil repercussions. The "pause" in 1949, when the U.S. stopped buying tin and rubber, was enough to drain away our gold and dollar reserves and to force the devaluation of the pound; there is naturally some anxiety lest the present decline may gather momentum and make a similar or even sharper impact upon us. This simple fact does not seem to be appreciated in Washington. "Part of Britain's concern," the *New York Times* wrote, "is almost beyond understanding by the best informed economists here."

The grounds for this concern can be stated shortly. If industrial activity in the U.S. continues to decline, and American purchases from the sterling area fall once again, there will be renewed strain on our dollar resources, and, possibly, a fresh run on convertible sterling. By that time, should the U.S. recession show signs of becoming cumulative, Mr. Butler may be facing a situation not very different from that which forced devaluation on Sir Stafford Cripps.

It is all very well to find reasons why this "recession" is likely to let Britain down more lightly than the "pause" of 1949. These reasons—such as the low stocks of sterling commodities currently held in the U.S.—will hold good only in the short run. Should the "confidence" of U.S. business crack in the next few months, and should the remedial measures that the President is likely to propose prove inadequate, the shock of this "orthodox recession" will be strong enough to topple over the flimsy façade of prosperity that Mr. Butler has been erecting in the last two years. He has gambled, so far with some success, on the indefinite continuation of an American boom based primarily on arms spending. Suppose the gamble fails?

A crisis would hit Britain first. That is why we cannot be impressed by assurances from Washington that the Administration will not let any recession "get out of hand." We are told that "hundreds of economists" have been helping the Administration prepare plans for controlling the business cycle, and that the Council of Economic Advisers has prepared a "barometer" for "the timing of public works." We do not yet know whether the plans that the President has in mind are big enough or will be operated soon enough to stop any large-scale recession. In any case, before such emergency measures could take effect, the damage may have been done to our precarious economy.

Though this winter's decline may be a false alarm, and the U.S. economy once more confound the pessimists, the long-term threat remains. If arms spending is drastically reduced in the U.S., and nothing comparable takes its place, the normal pattern of capitalism will assert itself, with the risk of a crisis caused either by over-investment or over-production. When that happens, the effects on Britain could be swift and disastrous. Even in 1949, when our economic defences were stronger, though still woefully inadequate, Britain stared international bankruptcy in the face. To-day, we should be strengthening those defences, not deliberately destroying them in the "dash to freedom."

Coal and Rail Costs

It is to be hoped that the N.C.B. will appreciate the merits of "giving quickly" and will make a good offer, without further ado, against the N.U.M.'s claim for an extra 2*s*. 2*d*. a shift for day-wage-men underground and 2*s*. 1*d*. a shift on the surface. Even the full advances claimed would raise basic pay for a full week's work to only £7 on the surface and £8 underground—figures no more than commensurate with living costs. The fact has to be faced that minimum wages in the coal industry must be brought up to a level sufficient to secure adequate recruitment for hard and dangerous work. It is absurd to argue that the price of coal cannot be raised; indeed, there is a strong case for arguing that the Board's present price policy—sales at a figure calculated to cover *average* costs—is wrong. It means that much marginal coal is being sold below cost of production. In other words, consumers are encouraged to use a scarce commodity wastefully.

Of course, further increases in coal prices will add to the problem of making ends meet on the railways. Already the British Transport Commission has applied for authority to raise freight charges next month by 10 per cent.—with a hint that passengers also may have to pay more when the result of the current negotiations with the N.U.R. on further percentage increases in wages are known. In deciding to make freights the first victim of increased costs, the Commission presumably takes the view that, though dearer transport for goods may have immediate adverse effects on exports, the long-run danger of a further general inflationary demand for higher wages being set off by higher travelling costs is greater. However this may be, it is difficult to justify pricing coal below a figure required to prevent losses in most, at any rate, of the high-cost pits. If, as a result of such a policy, the coal industry as a whole made large profits, these could be distributed by the State, in one way or another, to deserving recipients—including possibly the railways.

The Engineers and the E.T.U.

The Shipbuilding and Engineering Confederation clearly had a considerable internal battle before it agreed to put off its proposed ban on overtime until the Court of Inquiry set up by the Minister of Labour has had time to report. The deciding factor was probably doubt whether the less skilled workers' unions could be relied on to bring their members into line had action been taken in advance of the report. The narrowness of the majority is evidence of the strength of feeling among the skilled workers, who feel they have already been kept waiting long enough and have been further offended by the renewed refusal of the Electrical Contractors to make any offer to the E.T.U. This union, the most militant of all, is not affected by the Confederation's decision, as far as its dispute with the contractors is concerned; for these employers are quite separate from the Federations of engineering and shipbuilding firms. Accordingly, there is nothing to stop the E.T.U. from resuming its policy of strikes at key points, designed to bring the contractors to heel. In refusing arbitration the electricians are undoubtedly moved by a belief that an arbitration court would act on the idea that wages have to be kept down in accordance with Government policy. In this they are very likely right, even though the arbitrators would receive no formal instruction. In the larger dispute, unless the Court of Inquiry comes down in favour of substantial percentage advances, and unless the employers give way, it looks as if there will have to be a trial of strength in the near future. It is more than human nature can stand to be put off with no concession at all while more and more firms pay out higher dividends and pile up reserved profits at the workers' expense.

Septuagenarian

The Fabian Society, now celebrating its seventieth birthday, has changed its role since the early days. When it began, in 1884, there was no Labour Party and hardly any Socialist movement; and the main task of the little group of intellectuals among whom Shaw, Graham Wallas and Sidney Webb soon became the outstanding figures (Beatrice Webb was a subsequent recruit) was to put the intellectual case for Socialism into plain English without having to give much consideration to what trade unionists or Labour politicians (then mostly Lib-Labs) were thinking. Then, as now, the Fabians were a group of intellectuals: the main difference is that in those days they were preaching a novel policy of gradualist Collectivism to anyone who would listen to them—which they called "permeation"—whereas nowadays they constitute a sort of research agency for the Labour Movement and stand, not for a single agreed policy, but as a cross-section of all varieties of Socialist opinion, from Right to Left. A society wide enough to include Bevanites and anti-Bevanites, and still not to fall apart, has uses—not less than, though different from, the uses of the Fabians in their early days. The modern Fabians have, indeed, had a lot to do with the formulation of Labour programmes, both by working out the application of the various projects on which the party divides and by throwing out for discussion ideas and projects of which the virtue is that they commit nobody—not even the Society itself. Many people find this role of modern Fabianism difficult to understand; but it is the necessary condition of the Society's usefulness under present conditions. Now that policies have to be made by the Party and the T.U.C., the function of the Labour Movement's intellectuals is not to tell it what to think so much as to provide ideas for testing and to clarify aspirations by converting them into clearly formulated plans.

New Broom at the "Yard"

The relatively low proportion of arrests to "preventible" crimes in London has for some time invited drastic experiment. Last Monday's general post among 200 senior officers of the Metropolitan Police is thus rationally valued as a judgment by results. Current rumours that recent retirements have been due to disaffection are, in the case of men with 30 and 40 years' service, almost certainly inane. But "results" in this context must include both the effect of the changes on the crime figures as well as on the morale and discipline among transferred and demoted Detective Officers. It has always been a just complaint of the uniform man that the C.I.D. take over every "indictable" case from the earliest possible moment, preferring that, if possible, he should never even touch it, and reducing him almost to the status of a paid informer. The C.I.D. men have answered that only they are trained for such work. It is two years since a Home Office Committee under Sir Arthur Dixon suggested, with this in mind, the kind of changes that are now being ascribed to "new broom" behaviour in the new Commissioner, Sir John Nott-Bower; and there is evidence that they go to the root of current police difficulties, chief among which is the high rate of resignation among the disillusioned younger men. Any step that can brighten recruiting prospects by taking some of the dullness out of routine duty in uniform is a step to be applauded.

ROME

Exit Signor Pella

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Signor Pella's resignation on Tuesday evening was motived immediately by the opposition of the Leftish Demochristians to his proposal to appoint, in the key post of Minister of Agriculture, a Right-winger whose inclusion in a re-shuffled Cabinet was designed to secure the support of the Monarchists. But it had become clear that the Premier's efforts in the past fortnight to re-shape his "caretaker" administration were meeting with little success.

His underlying difficulty was that the 1952 elections strengthened both Left and Right at the expense of the Centre. Divisions between the reduced "lay democratic" parties made continued coalition with them too precarious to assure a majority for the Christian Democrats, either under Signor De Gasperi or under Signor Piccioni. Signor Pella had come to rely increasingly upon the support of the Monarchists, who gave him a smaller but steadier majority; and this in turn had discouraged the Government from taking firm steps towards the solution of Italy's social problems. The result is a further division of the country into extremes of Left and Right, each inadvertently making capital for the other. Many observers have likened the situation to that of the Giolitti Government which preceded the rise of Fascism; but despite the shrillness of the neo-Fascists and the wealth of the Monarchists, it is the Communists who stand to gain the most from the Government's "immobility."

Partly for this reason, many elements in the Demochristian Party had lately been chafing under the present regime—from the C.I.S.L.'s open co-operation with the Communist C.G.I.L., to the renewed proposals for a Centre-party coalition made by Signor Scelba and others. Signor De Gasperi is anxious to keep the party together on an inter-class basis; but it seems unlikely that patchwork within the Cabinet could do much to heal the national rifts reflected even within the Government and the Church. Progressive opinion would welcome the creation of a liberal "front"; but this remains unlikely while the Social-Democrats are trying to outbid the Socialists, who are still in tactical alliance with the Communists. Meanwhile, Catholic Action is conducting discreet warfare against the clerical Left, and the C.G.I.L. and the Communist Party are both planning extended campaigns for 1954. An "opening to the Left" may seem too bitter a

draught for Christian Democrats to swallow: but the alternatives are scarcely more sweet.

KARACHI

The Pakistan View

A Pakistan Correspondent writes: While Pandit Nehru and other prominent Indians seem to treat the proposed American military aid to Pakistan as an isolated development, responsible opinion in Pakistan considers this as an outcome of the protracted animosity between India and Pakistan, and especially the happenings in Kashmir last summer. The dismissal and arrest of Sheikh Abdullah (who is still detained without trial) dismayed Pakistanis, and this unfortunate episode, more than anything else, brought to an end a happy and hopeful interlude in relations between the two countries. Not that Pakistanis felt any great love or sympathy for the Sheikh, but they deduced from the goings-on in Srinagar that, while negotiations between the two Prime Ministers were still continuing, India was trying to strengthen its foothold in Kashmir.

Many Pakistanis would sympathise with Nehru's desire to make South Asia a "no war area," and some may even agree that American military aid to Pakistan could start "cold war" in the sub-continent, but they feel that this part of the world, although hitherto unaffected by the East-West conflict, has by no means been peaceful. Apart from the actual fighting, ended by the cease-fire in Kashmir on January 1, 1949, a virtual "iron curtain" exists between India and West Pakistan: passenger trains no longer operate on most of the old routes; and the stream of refugees across the borders continues, despite the hazards they encounter in the process. Just as the solution of the problem of Trieste is an essential pre-requisite to stability in Europe (so runs their argument here), peace in South Asia will remain an impossibility without the settlement of the Kashmir issue.

Saner elements in Pakistan are most disturbed by the violent protests, which appear to have become a daily occurrence, by Pandit Nehru and other Indian leaders against Pakistani policy regarding the proposed American aid. By these daily outbursts against Pakistan and the plan for military aid, the Indians are weakening the hands of the Pakistani leaders who would like to see at least another serious attempt made to settle the Kashmir problem. The campaign in India to prevent Pakistan from accepting American military assistance is playing into the hands of anti-Indian groups in Pakistan who have for long been advocating "negotiations from strength" with India. These Muslim extremists contend that, if the mere prospect of Pakistan getting modern arms and equipment can unnerve Hindus so much, New Delhi could surely be "made to talk" once Pakistan is really strengthened militarily. Should Pakistan join the "pro-American camp" (negotiations for military aid between Karachi and Washington now appear to be in the final stage), bringing "cold war" to the sub-continent, Nehru's own policies, it is felt in Karachi, would be as much to blame as those pursued by the rulers of Pakistan.

NEXT WEEK

GILBERT HARDING:

Character Sketch

with

Caricature by VICKY

The Teachers' Place in Society

LAST week the Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools so far forgot the white collars of its members as to consider striking in support of their salary demands. The episode may indicate brashness: it certainly serves as a sharp reminder of our national failure over education. The 1944 Act, itself only a stage towards a public education system acceptable to Socialists, is now nine years old: apart from minor changes of nomenclature and administration, its only important provision so far implemented is the raising of the school leaving age to 15. And that, though intrinsically desirable, has, logistically, brought nearly as much trouble as advantage in its train.

Last month P.E.P. published two useful broadsheets (*Schools Under Pressure* I, and II; 2s. each) which set out the immediate practical nature of the problem. In barest summary, they suggest that: "Provided the [school] building programme continues at the level it has now reached . . . the number of new places provided each year will probably be sufficient to accommodate almost all the extra children [i.e., at 1950 standards]. The supply of teachers, on the other hand, will from now on be the most pressing problem. . . ." And reducing that to its essence, P.E.P. estimates that, if present trends continue to 1960, there will by then be between 5,000 and 10,000 teachers fewer than are required even to maintain the deplorable standards of 1950. If classes are to be reduced to the level laid down in 1945, the shortage would be of the order of 25,000 to 30,000. "If," aserts the P.E.P. broadsheet, "the major provisions of the 1944 Act were to be implemented by the same date, the figure would be nearer 100,000." In other words the failure of both Labour and Tory Governments to achieve the modest objectives of the 1944 Act is abject. Comparable failure on any issue about which the articulate public really cared would lead to political disaster.

For the fact is that the fault goes wider than governments. It belongs to the public, and particularly to the educated, middle-class, opinion-forming section of the public, which has been content to let these matters slide; to P.E.P. itself, which lamely concludes, "It looks as if the fulfilment of the 1944 Education Act must wait until the mid-1960s. . . This conclusion would not hold good of course, if the claims of education were to be given a much higher place on the nation's list of priorities . . . this is at present a faint hope. . . ."; to the *Manchester Guardian*, which sadly doubts at the end of a thoughtful leading article this week whether more (or better) teachers are to be had; to quasi-Socialists in the Labour Party who, while perorating about equality of opportunity, continue to connive at making it less likely by contracting out of the equality which the public education system offers and buying for their children the class privileges of the Public School. All of us, in fact, are to some degree responsible for tolerating a state of affairs which is a reproach to our society, and which must lead, in due course, to the frustration of the material objectives which we tend to take for granted.

"From what other user," asks the *Manchester Guardian*, is education to "take a larger share of the national resources"? Our answer is, "From all." In a state of more or less full employment (which applies, more or less, to the salaried as well as the wage-earning classes), any intensification of effort has to be at the expense of something else. This limiting factor has not, however, prevented successive Governments from embarking on a Defence programme which has meant, in a time of shortage, shifting a mass of workers from productive to non-productive industry. It did not prevent the Labour Government from changing the industrial status of the coal-miner, or re-assessing in the professional hierarchy the position of the Serviceman. It need not now prevent any Government (or electorate), which has the determination, from improving the rewards, conditions and status of the teacher; with the object not merely of matching the rise in living-costs or meeting the logistical deficits on plans already accepted, but of giving the teacher the honoured place in society which must be reserved for him in a real democracy.

Nothing less than a radical re-assessment of the teacher's position in society is adequate. We must face the fact that to enable education to "take a larger share of the national resources" may not be quite enough. We must raise the quality as well as the number of teachers. To say so, is not to sneer at the devotion which the existing body of the profession offers society in return for such niggardly rewards. But if a greater share of national resources is to go to education, we must ensure that it comes from sources which will enrich the profession of teaching and not dilute it. The inability, for instance, of the schools to compete with Industry and Government for mathematicians and scientists gives a hint that it would be possible to raise salaries and improve conditions enough to increase the total size of the profession, while still allowing too much of the cream to be drawn off into other containers. That will not do. We cannot be content to increase the numbers in the teaching profession merely by squeezing unwanted labour out of, say, the distributive trades. Industrial science and Defence research are, no doubt, of great importance in their place. But in the long run, like every other worth-while activity of society, they depend on teachers. To allow them to devour the proper nourishment of the schools is worse than eating the seed-corn; it is consuming the fertiliser which prepares the soil for every kind of civilised growth.

It is this huge and culpable failure, by both political parties, to recognise the consequences of their professions of democracy which causes us greater unease than the bare fact that main provisions of the 1944 Act are still as far as ever from being put into effect. The Labour Party, whose rank-and-file, at any rate, care passionately about education, should take the decisive step of saying now that, as the very basis of a Socialist society, it will deal as radically with the needs of the teachers, when next it comes to power, as it did last time with those of, say, the miners or the farm-workers.

The U.S. Thinks Again About China

(By Our Washington Correspondent)

FROM time to time American newspapers have reported that Britain was to withdraw recognition from Peking. Stories to that effect were common in the first year or two after the British established diplomatic relations of a sort with the Chinese Communist regime. The gossip was revived last July when Lord Salisbury, then acting Foreign Secretary, came to Washington. It was remembered that right after Ernest Bevin recognised Mao Tse-tung's Government three years ago, Salisbury was the first outstanding Conservative publicly to attack that decision.

In recent weeks the table has been turned. There is a recurrent rumour in Washington that the U.S. may slowly and tentatively edge towards the British attitude on Communist China. Influential voices are being heard inside President Eisenhower's official family, urging a reconsideration of American policy in Asia. A very few high officials are beginning to question the wisdom of U.S. non-recognition of China, and are wondering a little about America's unbending opposition to seating Communist China in the United Nations. These challenging voices are being kept to a whisper, but the whispers are penetrating the White House and State Department.

One of the promoters of the New Look is Arthur Dean, who represented the U.N. at the Panmunjon talks preliminary to the proposed political conference on Korea. A senior partner of John Foster Dulles in their New York law firm, Dean enjoys unbounded confidence among the senior policy planners of the Eisenhower Administration. Last month he walked out of the Panmunjon hut, in protest against Chinese Communist Delegate Huang Hua's charge of U.S. perfidy. Returning to Washington in mid-December, Dean reported to President Eisenhower. He repeatedly conferred with Dulles and other high State Department executives. In these confidential discussions, Dean stopped short of recommending American recognition of Communist China. But he has been advising his friend and law partner Dulles to review his China policy and to assure himself it is really in America's self-interest. Dean wants a *modus vivendi* with Peking.

One barrister turned diplomat doesn't equal a new American attitude toward China, of course. However, there's another figure of far greater national prominence who enters the scene at this point—Vice-President Richard Nixon. Just before setting forth on his 45,000-mile swing around the Far and Middle East in November, Nixon lunched with a small group of journalists in Washington. Stating that he was not so cocksure about the answers nowadays, he said he would embark on his world tour with an open mind. While Nixon was en route, occasional reports reaching Washington from the East caused some people here to rub their eyes. Having formerly been among the minor champions of Chiang Kai-shek on Capitol Hill, he seems to have been "unsold" about Formosa. To one small company of countrymen out East, Nixon described Chiang's exiled regime as "somehow pathetic" and composed of men "who had guessed wrong"; to an American politician this is the ultimate indictment. In another private utterance, Nixon paid formal deference to Formosa's military potential. But in the same breath he discounted this by brushing aside the suggestion that Chiang's forces could retake the mainland.

Representatives of the British business community in Hong Kong talked bluntly to Nixon about what they consider the economic nonsense of America's total trade embargo against Communist China. The Vice-President is quoted as having told one high official in Asia that patience would be needed to move towards U.S. and U.N. acceptance of the Chinese Communists. The process would be started, he reportedly said, by a gradual easing of restrictions on commerce.

It would be ironic if Nixon were chosen to do the spadework for a new road on which America's China policy might travel. If Eisenhower and Dulles were to contemplate a gradual policy shift in the next year or two, they might fare much worse than by using Nixon to help belabour an intractable Congress. It was Nixon who loosened the avalanche that buried Alger Hiss, and built his career on anti-Communism—to the point where the White House itself is within reach. He is as armoured as any politician in America against suspicion of appeasing the "Reds."

As an essential part of the present trend, Washington is seriously considering action "to build up" Mao Tse-tung. Ambassador Dean has told the White House and State Department that, in his opinion, Mao would prefer to leave Russia out of the political conference on Korea. This would let the Chinese Communists play first fiddle at that gathering. Until now it has been the dispute over Soviet participation that has stalemated the Panmunjon talks. The Chinese and North Koreans insist Russia be seated as a neutral, while the U.S. and U.N. reject this. Dulles is pondering a proposal to solve the dilemma by suggesting the U.S.S.R.'s complete omission from the Korean conference. By moving Russia's exclusion, say the sponsors of this idea, the U.S. would be encouraging Red China to regard itself as the predominant Communist Power in Asia. It is the American Government's latest effort in the endless search for means to divide Communist China and the Soviet Union.

American thinking on China must take account of other developments. Ambassador Dean goes further than Nixon. He has made the startling though tardy discovery that the American people have been victims of a gigantic Formosan hoax. Secondly, Dean has been telling U.S. Administration leaders about Red China's growing foreign trade. He has mentioned that China is Pakistan's principal market for cotton. He has alluded to Japan's interest in China as a commercial outlet—an interest accentuated lately by Japan's disastrous rice crop failure with its impact on the whole Japanese economy. While Nixon told at least one important official in Asia that gradual lifting of restrictions on China trade may come, Dean considers that the reopening of the China market is unavoidable. Lastly, a report to Dulles, from one of his trusted observers in the Far East, remarked that in four or five years China may have accomplished such an economic advance that the rulers in Peking, if then invited to join the U.N., might thumb noses at it.

Whatever happens in Korea after January 22, the visible stirrings inside the Eisenhower Administration concerning China policy will bear watching. Though serious thought is in fact being given to an eventual softening of U.S. toughness toward Peking, as part of a design to split China from Russia, certain factors could easily cause the President to recoil. There are next November's mid-term elections. One-third of the Senate, the entire House of Representatives will be elected, and innumerable local State, county and municipal offices filled by ballot. This will prompt the Administration to exercise great caution before risking popular disfavour on China or anything else. Furthermore, if the present downward slope of the U.S. economy should turn into a major recession, that might tempt some influential leaders to seek a diversion abroad. We don't mean war, of course, but perhaps a renewal of tension that would divert attention from deflationary convulsions, including growing unemployment. The U.S., at present, seems to be moving towards a tack in favour of the "get-tough" school in the form of the U.S. military aid to Pakistan plan. Paradoxically, this might easily be followed by another tack in the guise of lessened American enmity towards Red China.

London Diary

DUFF COOPER was an 18th-century figure. He regarded politics as the duty of a gentleman; they might become a full-time job during a war or other emergency, but were perfectly compatible with literary achievement and the constant enjoyment of life in High Society. In this and some other respects, he was a smaller edition of Winston Churchill. Unlike Winston, he was no outstanding administrator, and, perhaps because of Lady Diana, never wholly ceased to appear in the public eye as a conspicuous social figure. He enjoyed life as few men do, and he had an old-fashioned habit of becoming furiously indignant about what he thought wrong and wanting to hit someone responsible with his fists. He shared Winston's reputation for bulldog courage, and won great popularity by his revolt against Chamberlain and his resignation after Munich. He also spoke French with an accent rather different from Winston's, and was acknowledged in Paris as a man who really understood and loved France. I believe that one of Ernest Bevin's greatest mistakes was in leaving the old diplomats in their ambassadorial jobs after the war. If Labour was really the new broom that it promised to be, Mr. Attlee's Government needed a different type of representative abroad. Certainly Duff Cooper was an odd representative for a Labour Government; his remaining in Paris made the Continent think that Labour meant no change. But there was much to be said for Duff Cooper as French Ambassador. I vividly remember a conversation with him at the Embassy in Paris, some time, I think, in 1947. The Communist Party, the largest in France, was deliberately excluded from any share in French government by a coalition of anti-Communist parties sponsored by the Americans and the British. Duff Cooper said in a most uncompromising way that he had a great admiration for Thorez, the Communist leader, and that the right solution for France was to allow the Communists to take office. I said: "That's rather surprising coming from so good a Conservative as you." He replied to this effect: "In opposition, Communists must, of course, follow the Moscow line; put them in office and they are bound to take account of the needs and desires of the French workers. Thorez is as good a Frenchman as de Gaulle, and if he is Prime Minister, the French Communists will necessarily become a French Socialist party, patriotic, and seeking the good of France." I still think this excellent sense, and any distaste I might have for the Ascot-and-Ciro's Duff Cooper has always been offset by my memory of this conversation.

* * *

His autobiography, *Old Men Forget*, contains plenty of proofs that he had, on occasion, good political judgment. In his early days, especially, he was a shrewd type of Conservative. He hated

the Lloyd George Coalition. Here is a characteristic sentence: "My opinion of it [the Coalition] sank still lower when the failure of the ignoble Black-and-Tans experiment in Ireland, an attempt to suppress gangsterdom by gangsters in uniform, was followed by the still more ignoble surrender to a campaign of murder." That, if you like, is having it both ways, but it is a justifiable view, because he adds, a few pages later, that: "Many of the failures of British statesmanship have been due to the reluctance of Ministers to deal with a problem so long as postponement was possible. Too often have we been forced in the end to accept an unsatisfactory and even a humiliating solution because we have refused at the beginning to agree to a far better one. Too often have we conceded grudgingly and too late much more than would have been accepted gladly and gratefully at an earlier date." He then illustrates this familiar thesis by the story of the efforts of Lloyd George and the Winston faction of the Cabinet to refuse concessions to Egypt in 1920, ending in their subsequent surrender to Allenby, who, as a soldier on the spot, understood what Sir Winston Churchill, even in 1954, seems unable adequately to appreciate.

* * *

One part Scots myself, and surrounded by the swirling of kilts as I am in this office, I feel deeply with the St. Andrew Society of Glasgow which "intensely deplores and emphatically protests" against the inaccuracy of the Queen's broadcast in describing Queen Elizabeth of England as a "forebear" (she should, they suggest, have referred to Mary Queen of Scots), and herself as "Queen of England," when, in fact, "her status is surely Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain." But then what a hopeless task these patriotic Scotsmen have set themselves! How is anyone going to prevent the world calling Elizabeth Queen of England? Or her subjects from finding a thread of continuity from the Tudors to the House of Windsor? I was personally delighted when I read this passage in the Queen's message. She bluntly told the people who are fond of talking about a revival of Elizabethan England that she, unlike Elizabeth Tudor, who had never been out of England, had a husband and children, and, unlike the first Elizabeth, was not a tyrant. My own comment was that here was at least one plain-spoken, common-sense remark, and the only one I had read among the mass of wearisome, flatulent, exaggerated, impertinent sycophancy that have been recently printed and broadcast about the monarchy.

* * *

It is good news that Ghaffar Khan, usually known as "Frontier Gandhi," is to be released after five years in jail. Inquiry has never wholly explained his protracted imprisonment; nor am I yet quite sure why Pakistan has suddenly given an amnesty to him and a group of his ex-Red Shirt followers. The decision, taken by the Karachi Government, shows that Ghaffar Khan's old enemy, the former Premier of the North-West Frontier Province and now a very powerful figure in Karachi, must have been a consenting party to his release. At the outset there must have been some genuine fear of Ghaffar Khan, who had great influence among the Pathans; perhaps Pakistan has ceased to fear a Pathanstan movement. Pakistan may desire to put itself on the map as a democratic country now that it is to receive aid from the United States; anyway, the Chief Minister has made a strong declaration about political liberty, which he says should not be curtailed "on political grounds unless it is absolutely in the interest of the security of the State." One should not look a gift horse too much in the mouth; such a declaration is welcome in Pakistan, and it seems boorish to point out that the conditional clause would satisfy Senator McCarthy and Mr. Malenkov. Enough for today that we can rejoice in the release of a fine man and his friends; this journal has long campaigned for their freedom.

* * *

In his speech at Cutlers' Hall on Monday night to a gathering of publishers assembled to celebrate his fifty years in the book trade, Sir Stanley Unwin told us a lot of interesting things about himself. He described his real hardships and hunger as a boy learning the publishing trade in Leipzig, his period as an office-boy wearing a tail-coat, silk hat and orchid in a London publishing firm, his luck or foresight in acquiring two bankrupt publishing houses and the founding of George Allen and Unwin on August 4, 1914. He said little about his fights with censorship and M.I.5 in the first world war, or his battle for cheap books and plenty of paper for them in the last war. His story as a whole was so interesting that I became critical of the protracted failure of Sir Stanley as a publisher to induce Stanley, the author, to write his own autobiography. He has been teased about his liking for giving good advice to less successful publishers. But I don't think anybody could gainsay his comment on this occasion. He quoted the remark that "before marriage a man should keep both eyes very wide open, and after it, keep them half shut". He rightly suggested that too many people seem to go into the publishing trade with their eyes half shut, only to have them widely opened when it was too late!

* * *

The editor of this journal went to West Africa for five weeks. Whereupon, my old friend Hannen Swaffer, with less than his usual journalistic caution, expressed much regret to hear that the editor was contemplating retirement. There is, as it happens, no truth at all in his story. Mr. Swaffer must be getting his countries confused. It was in Moscow, not in London, that Mr. Molotov's absence from the opera one night was thought to herald a purge.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Several leading Fijians were included in the 800 guests.—*Evening News.* (Cecil A. Roberts.)

Waitress Bites Busmen.—*Evening Standard.* (Arthur Moyse.)

Make your own drip catchers for parties.—*Star.* (C. J. Sullivan.)

Mr. T. O. Kelly, of Brentwood, Essex, opposing strike action, said: "I want a clear call to go out from this association that whatever else we may do, however displeased or discontented we may be with the present salary position, we are not putting ourselves in the cloth cap and whippet class.—*Daily Telegraph.*—(T. W. Brown.)

It seems to me that people's manners in public places are much worse than they used to be
I recently sat behind a girl in a concert hall who combed her hair in the interval between two movements of a symphony.—Letter in *Star.* (M. Howland.)

Four people receiving £2 each for Christmas from a 1680 charity at Duffield, Derbyshire, are being excused the condition of dusting the donor's monument because they are too old.—*Daily Mirror.* (Anita Finesilver.)

THE END OF THE CROMWELL ROAD

"As for England, the following schemes are . . . to be authorised . . . Cromwell Road extension."—Minister of Transport.

The traffic lanes are blocked and jammed,
The dazed pedestrian madly scrambles,
The roundabouts are snarled and jammed,
The open highways are a shambles.
All projects then must be commended,
Distributing the traffic load—
Arterial routes must be extended,
But why extend the Cromwell Road?

Why could they not enlarge elsewhere
Streets classified as short or medium?
Why elongate a thoroughfare
Renowned no less for length than tedium?
Its grimy parallels converging,
All buffish-grey or greyish-buff,
Till with the dimmest distance merging
The Cromwell Road is long enough.

If work on blackspots must be slowed,
Why focus this misplaced endeavour
On lengthening the Cromwell Road?
Already it goes on for ever.
Why this superfluous protrusion
Where now the pavement never ends?
This is no optical illusion,
For where it seems to end, it bends.

How many there dropped dead before
Their purposed destination reaching!
How many fell to rise no more!
Along the kerb their bones lie bleaching.
If Whitehall holds to its intention
Pedestrian passions must explode.
Why plan infinity's extension?
Why elongate the Cromwell Road?

SAGITTARIUS

Home of the Free

THE first article I ever wrote for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION was about Liberia. It dealt with a League of Nations and U.S. report, published exactly twenty-three years ago, which revealed that slavery of every kind flourished in Liberia. It was an appalling document, exposing the exploitation of the million and more native inhabitants (no one has counted them) of inner Liberia by the twelve thousand or so descendants of freed slaves, repatriated to Africa from America in the second quarter of the Nineteenth Century. It was revealed as a three-handed game. Foreign interests, the chief of which was the great American Firestone company with its vast rubber concession, and Liberians in Monrovia both needed cheap labour; the Firestone paid for the concession and native chiefs were paid to find the labour, with no questions asked about methods used to get it. The Commission discovered direct slavery, "adoption," peonage and various forms of forced labour, amounting to slavery. Perhaps the worst slavery was associated with the horrors of contract labour exported to Fernando Po.

Three weeks ago, finding myself within a few hours' flying time away, I decided to stop a couple of days at Monrovia with the idea of asking a few questions about the many improvements that have reputedly taken place in recent years. Naturally, I could not learn anything first hand about the "natives," as Liberians still call them. I doubt if I should have learnt very much about the Interior if I had stayed for three months. For there are still very few roads and only one section of industrial railway; the natives, I'm told by people who have explored, are still frightened of strangers and the chiefs very uncommunicative. There are some missions you

can visit in a carefully prepared *safari*, but even so you don't find anyone who will talk freely. Graham Greene's heroic method is, I was told, scarcely practical today; you get arrested as a spy or Communist if you are found wandering without authorisation. On a short visit you have to be content with facts you can pick up in Monrovia or near it.

To some extent these are reassuring. There is more contact between Monrovia and the natives than there used to be. There are now small airstrips connecting Monrovia with some points in the tribal areas. Today there are two roads to the Interior which are negotiable in the dry season by a resolutely driven lorry. Even in December, however, and on a comparatively good patch of road near the capital, I found many bridges still only half repaired and barely safe; wise drivers carry planks to lay down over ravines in front of them, picking them up again after they cross for use in the next emergency. On the political side it is no doubt something that eight chiefs, though very much in a minority and very carefully chosen, are now allowed to represent the native population in the Assembly. I should add that Liberians no longer defend their segregation from the natives; there has been, I believe, a good deal of intermarriage and President Tubman is on record as denouncing racial prejudice, even when of Negro against Negro. One of his Ministers told me that all men should be equal, though he made it clear that some should be more equal than others.

There has also been a marked increase in social relations between the Liberian and the White man. Until recently, the Liberian Negro had the same prejudices against the white skin as the white skin, in his own country, has against the black. It was considered improper for men and women of different colours to mix socially. This barrier has now been torn down—which makes living in Monrovia far easier and more pleasant for the foreigner.

The economic life of Liberia is typical of the rich under-developed countries round the world. This is a story for another article. Briefly, Liberia suffers from lack of capital to exploit its own resources, and has consequently fallen prey to the foreign investor. Thus we find its three principal products—rubber, iron and timber—all controlled by foreign interests; the importing and retail distribution channels are almost entirely in the hands of foreigners; the only bank in the country is foreign owned, and the harbour is foreign dominated. Simultaneously, the country has suffered from its own unscrupulous leaders.

With this has been the slave problem of Liberia. President Barclay formally abolished slavery in the Thirties and I'm told that labour is now freely recruited and accepted because wages, through law, are an adequate inducement. On this I can only say that a full investigation is required, for I have heard that the adult workers in Firestone (who own 50 per cent. of the rubber plantations of the country) get about 30 cents a day, those under eighteen half this amount. Could this have something to do with the strike in Firestone, when there was a threat to burn down American houses? It should be borne in mind that part of the tolerance of this wage condition may stem from the fact that President Tubman and his small coterie are also large rubber producers.

I have also heard it said that the export of labour continues to Fernando Po. Certainly internal slavery by "adoption" continues. Its pattern is that a Monrovian who will offer to a native parent to send the latter's son to school is permitted to adopt the child; and, in exchange for giving him the *opportunity* of education, is entitled to the free services of the boy until he reaches twenty-one. One day in the unaccustomed and constrained surroundings of the school is generally all the child from the interior can stand. His rebellion against continued schooling—not legally enforced—does not relieve him of his duty to serve his adopting father until he is twenty-one—which is legally enforced.

Monrovia, where the only currency is the American dollar and the general language is English, creates a prosperous, if somewhat bizarre, impression. It has somehow escaped the attention of Evelyn Waugh, though some lesser satirists have seen easy opportunities of poking fun at an African aristocracy which on formal occasions wears top hats, tailcoats and yellow gloves in one of the steamiest climates in the world. Today this scene is a rather cheap kind of fun. It is still true, however, that Liberians are sticklers for the protocol, that an Englishman who elsewhere in tropical Africa can wear an open shirt and shorts, would give great offence if he were to make a morning call on a Liberian Minister except in trousers, coat and tie. Liberians point out with some pride that they have at last in Monrovia electric light, a postal service and a piped water supply. Bulldozers have been at work in the streets. But though a few main streets are macadamised, many of the side streets, even those which lead precipitously up the hillside often to the better-class houses, are merely tracks of red mud from which large outcrops of rock dangerously obtrude. Liberians now sport large American cars; I was perpetually astonished to see them charging up these rough, mountainous slopes.

Most of the houses are made of corrugated iron. In many cases the original house was certainly a wooden structure of the charming American colonial pattern. But this has long ago disappeared under a patchwork of corrugated iron. The effect is very much that of a tramp's trousers where many patches are held together by the further patches, so that the original cloth has wholly disappeared. There are, of course, some more solid houses; the most imposing belong to the Syrian traders who supply the cheap German household goods that are piled up on the stalls on the waterfront, and the gay textiles from Manchester and Tokyo, which every Liberian woman wears to such advantage.

While I was in Monrovia, President Tubman was "drafted for a third term." Liberia's Constitution is modelled on the American. It even includes, somewhat ironically, the first Ten Amendments or Bill of Rights. Following a familiar American pattern, President Tubman had expressed reluctance to stand for a third term. I was present at a meeting staged to persuade him to sacrifice his personal inclinations to the public good. The meeting was held on a football field, where a number of seats were placed for members of the True Whig Party—the only active political party in Liberia. In the distance, the edges of the field were lined with respectful listeners, presumably natives, while the grandstand was filled with party organisers, and other particularly true Whigs. If any false Whigs were present, they remained prudently silent. After two hours spent in speeches extolling the achievement of the President and beseeching him again to accept nomination, a choir sang a political ballad "Please say Yes, Uncle Shad." Most of this moving appeal was unfortunately rendered inaudible by a cut in the electric current which supplied the loudspeakers. A florid speech followed in which Mr. Tubman's predecessor as President dwelt at great length on the evidence supplied by True Whigs from every district in the country that it was God's Will that President Tubman should stand. At last the President spoke. He is a fine virile figure, believed to have more right to the title of Father of his People than any other living Premier. He has been much in America and his command of the language is excellent. After gravely reiterating his reluctance to stand, he read a long passage from an historical work about the election of Pope Pius X by the College of Cardinals. The author described the initial refusal of Pius to accept this great honour, and his final persuasion when he learnt that the cardinals were determined to vote for him; at last he yielded when he was convinced beyond doubt that it was God's Will for him to be Pope. In that spirit, said President Tubman, I agree to stand for the third term. No sooner were the words out of his mouth than distant cannon began to fire a twenty-one gun salute. The timing and stage management were beyond praise.

In the evening I was solemnly assured by one of his principal colleagues that before the President's speech no one had any idea whether he would be induced to stand again. However that might be, the forms of democracy had been duly observed. It may be that the support for the True Whigs is not as unanimous as one would at first suppose. Of the three papers published in Monrovia, one, *The Friend*, is difficult to obtain. This may nevertheless have some influence and represent some otherwise unexpressed political view. I gather this from attacks made upon it by Monrovia's two True Whig newspapers, one of which suggested in thinly veiled language that their contemporary should be suppressed. Their argument was, of course, based on the inviolable principle of free speech which must never degenerate into licence. The only other evidence I have of the existence of any False Whigs is that at the last Presidential election a gentleman named Mr. Twe, himself a "Kru" not a "Liberian," attempted to stand as a candidate against President Tubman and attracted, at least according to one eye witness, very large crowds. It was conveniently found, however, that he had not fulfilled the necessary formalities as a Presidential candidate; his candidature was ruled out on legal grounds and he now lives, I believe, at Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone. I was officially informed that he is free to return to Monrovia when he likes, but I gather that he is wise not to do so. I heard that one rash individual who was overheard at a cocktail bar to make a remark thought disrespectful to the President was promptly arrested by the efficient Liberian police, and deported next morning.

Liberia is probably the only country in the world where the reputation of the United Nations is untarnished. And deservedly so, for Liberians are well aware that they owe their status as equals with the United States, Britain or India to their membership of the United Nations. Hitherto Liberia has owed every improvement to American technical assistance. Now, after twenty-six years of operating on Firestone's terms, President Tubman has finally achieved the right to receive from the company both rent for the rubber trees and a tax on the rubber exported. President Tubman has therefore a surplus to spend on improvements. Liberians are grateful for the special equipment, trained staff, and expert advice which they receive from the United Nations, but they emphasise that the Liberian Government itself finances and maintains Unesco projects.

I visited the Klay area about forty miles north of Monrovia where Unesco has an admirable project of "fundamental education." It is recognised that in conditions of the "bush" it is not enough, indeed it is hardly relevant, merely to attack

illiteracy. Health, diet, sanitation, and other aspects of community life must also be improved if formal schooling is to have value. The project up to date consists of eight village schools for agriculture and other education as well as a well-equipped, if simple, clinic, round which other buildings, now being erected, will serve as temporary hospital equipment and staff accommodation. A trained African nurse and dispenser is always on duty receiving patients for whom a doctor prescribes on his weekly visit. She keeps a record of diagnosis and treatment—the only clinic in Liberia, I am told, which does so. I looked at the long list of cases which are being treated at the rate of five thousand a year. Yaws and venereal diseases are the most common; penicillin, miracle cure for both these diseases, is demanded by all patients for all diseases. (Penicillin is now much sought after by thieves in West Africa and has to be carefully guarded.) A few miles farther on, a number of buildings had been erected which will soon be the dormitories, studies, staff quarters and classrooms of a substantial training centre for teachers who, in their turn, when qualified, will extend a network of similar projects farther into the Bush. I heard some anxiety expressed about the funds for continuing this building work, but I was told in Monrovia that Ministers regarded it as a matter both of honour and prestige to maintain this Unesco project, fully and without intermission.

The truth is that in this and in other ways modernity is creeping into Liberia, sometimes comically, but now steadily. Not long ago Premier Nkrumah visited President Tubman, and Liberians took part in the recent conference at Kumasi in Ashanti about the future union of West African States. This, no doubt, is still a long way off, but it is an idea that must appeal to the President as head of the only West African State which is already independent.

On the night of his decision to stand a third term, I met him at the Sat. Club—an exclusive club run by the President himself, where he is often to be found among his intimate friends. There was naturally much rejoicing among the True Whigs. As the President left, wild dances were being performed by Aborigines wearing monstrous masks. To the English visitor the scene was novel and exciting. I did not get the impression that it interested President Tubman; his thoughts and plans belong, I suspect, to the twentieth century.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Press Party

IT was a Press party to meet Mr. Erich von Stroheim. I had never been to a Press party, never met Mr. Stroheim; so I went.

He was to have flown in the previous day, but ice and fog prevented. Rather more had been made of this in the gossip columns than if he had come: the occasion, postponed only for twenty-four hours, was a season of his films to be given by the National Film Theatre, with the thirty-year-old *Greed* as its prime attraction.

Two and a third hours the previous morning I had dedicated to *Greed*, the half-strangled attempt to carry to the screen that war of naturalism with which Strindberg had embattled the theatre. *Greed* in its original amplitude had extended to something like seven hours, with a dinner interval allowed. How differently films might have turned out if Stroheim had had his way! Hatred and satire might have won the ascendancy over kissing and crooning; lacerated days might have been ours in the cinema; the courtship of dentists, the grandeurs and miseries of tanyards might have cut all avenues of escape. But it was not to be. The company for which Stroheim worked, no less ruthless than he, cut twenty-four reels to a mere ten; the rest was, indefensibly, pulped. So, perhaps, a masterpiece was lost to humanity, a grudge established in its uncomfortable creator.

I arrived at the time stated—lunch time; "Pinafore" was the password, and the room, already crowded, overlooked the Embankment. Here, I suppose, many of the great and famous had been so fêted and interviewed, and there was a mood of festal tradition as food, drinks, and talk circulated.

I found myself with a colleague who hadn't much fancied *Greed*; another who thought it had carved its way once, but gone rusty; a third whose enthusiasm for Stroheim was only equalled by the more immediate greed satisfied from passing trays. The minutes passed too; empty glasses were replaced by full, canapés returned again and again.

Huge "stills" of the most irresistible bad man the screen has known decorated the walls and met one round pillars. Film geniuses, in general, are not permitted to make films, but encouraged to swagger in person. Stroheim first, I think, discovered this consolation. There can be few filmgoers who haven't loathed and relished that cropped bullet head, the marionette movements, the eye-glass, the bark of the high-born Prussian bully, who harks incidentally from Vienna. The panache of militarism has been his. He has founded a new school of charm, piercing hearts with the tender delicacies that may lurk behind brutal looks. Some may have love-hated him most with champagne and shoes, others will recur to the sorrows of a prison-camp commandant or the ideal Rommel.

Of course, like everyone else, I had melted before the noble bully. The door opened and there he was. A little smaller than the screen had hinted, as often the case is, but with a precision, a balefulness, a dignity not to be denied: in he shot, like (in Sir Harold Nicolson's phrase) the "small brown thunderbolt" that was Mussolini, but so gigantically attended as to be almost invisible. The bevy made straight for a window corner where at once a score of cameras leant over.

Every few instants there would be flashes, a glimpse perhaps of the inflexible profile. We waited. We went back to drinks and talk. From time to time a bulletin would drift through: he was rugged; he was giving straight answers; when asked to raise one hand as to a monocle he had growled, "I never wear one."

One almost forgot the Man You Will Love to Hate, now as closely attended as some Eastern bride who would at length reveal herself in all beauty.

Then there was a move. The whole bevy or phalanx got up together and marched to a farther corner, with (so far as one could discover) fewer flashes and more questions asked. There was a lady too. Pencils and notebooks, bowed heads, were busy. My turn was coming.

I was beckoned to, pushed forward, slipped in; a vacancy occurred, and there *he* was getting up to shake hands. Not knowing how to begin I said I wished *Greed* could, for all eternity, have lasted seven hours. "I don't understand your English," exclaimed Stroheim, "and I don't hear well." "I'm afraid," I said unwisely, "I don't speak American." "But you can speak LOUDER." So I did, repeating my compliment and asking about the rigors of filming in California's Death Valley, which provides the film's climax. "One hundred and forty degrees, and no shade," said Stroheim with some satisfaction. Then suddenly he sprang up and shouted, "Take that idiot grin off!" This, I am glad to say, was not addressed to me, though it scorched on its way to some inoffensive person behind me, who mildly protested. "I don't like nasty grins," continued the lacerator of hearts, "and I warn you I too can be very nasty." By this time everyone within range was hurriedly adjusting his expression, and I felt that my opportunity for contact was gone. What would have happened if I had proceeded with my next question—"Why haven't you made a film for 28 years?"—I daren't venture to think.

I backed. The ranks re-formed. My half-glass of sherry provided comfort. A girl was saying "Did he spring at you too?" and this was some consolation for my exclusion from the dazzle of favour or disfavour. It had been, perhaps, the Stroheim act. Or Stroheim.

Once more, sweeping past me, the storm-centre moved to yet another corner; and, now standing, Stroheim began a full and, I've no doubt, fascinating relation of his film life.

There was nothing for me to do except quietly slip away. In this bull-fight which the bull must always win I had shown myself at least an unskilful picador. Figuratively, I shook the sand off and limped out, leaving behind the bored waiters, the unengaged chatterers, another roar (so I thought) from the heart of villainy.

Late that night—when, as a matter of fact, I was moving the little red window on my calendar along a day—I felt something strange come over my features. I looked in the mirror. It was a long-delayed, full-size grin.

G. W. STONIER

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The Lad of Parts

SCOTLAND has long been living on her tradition of the "lad o' pairts" being encouraged to go through school to the University, and to "get on" in the world thereafter. Yet the latest figures show that more children end their schooling at the minimum leaving-age in Scotland than in England, and that, in many aspects of education beyond the age of fifteen, Scotland is lagging a long way behind.

In the Scottish Junior Secondary schools in 1952, 60.8 per cent. of the pupils who left school did so without even completing the three-year course which is the absolute minimum of secondary education. The situation is even more alarming amongst Senior Secondary pupils, whose capabilities were assumed to merit a five-year course leading to the Higher Leaving Certificate which grants entry to the Universities. Of these more gifted pupils, 29.9 per cent. did not even complete the three years of secondary education, and 45.9 per cent. left school at the minimum leaving age. In England, about 8 per cent. fewer children left school at the age of fifteen, and correspondingly more stayed on until the age of sixteen. This appears mainly due to the attraction of the General Certificate of Education, the lowest grades of which can be taken at the age of sixteen in the fourth year of a secondary course. A similar sort of award, a year earlier than the Higher Leaving Certificate, might be useful here.

More generous grants to complete a secondary course would also help. In these days of high living costs and of relatively high wages for certain kinds of young workers there is a strong economic temptation, both in Scotland and England, to leave school at 15—though only too often the jobs that offer the quickest return are blind alleys. The grants should be, as *Challenge to Britain* suggests, on a national basis—*i.e.*, the same in Scotland as in England. (At the moment, at the University level, State grants are much more generous from the English Ministry than from the Scottish Department of Education.)

What of the further education of the children who leave around fifteen or sixteen? Part-time day-release education has an important role to play in making young workers more skilled at their jobs, and—equally important—in making them more responsible citizens. England has had this type of education for around twenty-five years, while Scotland has really only developed it since the war. The Secretary of State's annual report for 1952 on Scottish education admitted frankly that the growth of day-release classes had been much less than had been hoped immediately after the war. Although progress has been made, Scotland has proportionately still less than one-half of England's day-release students. Building and financial difficulties abound. In Dundee, for example, a go-ahead Trades College for young workers has to struggle against the obstacle of being scattered over different parts of the city in improvised premises which include two condemned schools. There are also still too many employers with influence on Education Committees who regard this sort of education as "pampering" the apprentices.

The Scottish educational picture at the University level is also disturbing. Proportionately in Scotland there are twice as many at University as in England, but recent statistics show an unfortunate trend. In 1951 Scotland showed a net drop of 990 full-time students, compared with a drop of 596 amongst England's much larger population. Bursary allowances to Scottish students have recently been improved—in the face of some local authority opposition—but they still compare unfavourably with assistance given to students in England. Moreover, the University machinery in Scotland is old-fashioned and ill-equipped for producing the scientists and technologists which our contemporary society needs.

Scotland, it is true, has the Royal Technical College in Glasgow—the largest school of technology of University standard in the United Kingdom. But the qualifying phrase here is "of University standard," for it does not enjoy the full status of a University, and operates under the supervision of the Government's Department of Education in Edinburgh. It has an ill-defined position of junior partnership with Glasgow University, and its staff feel themselves deprived of the imponderable prestige of being full University lecturers, while they suffer such irritating material disadvantages as not being entitled to the family allowance arrangements enjoyed by their University colleagues.

Scotland also has to face the fact that we now need more and more "social technologists." New and complex techniques have grown up around us and have to be mastered—in industrial relations, in public administration and in general social and economic planning for national survival. But Scottish University education is seriously handicapped in meeting this need by its twin—and rather contradictory—traditions of theological and utilitarian education. In Scotland in the past you either went to University to go into the Church or to "get on" in the world. Education had either to be to the glory of God, or it must be shown to have the most practical personal relation to earning a successful living. This is still reflected in a rough-and-ready way by the way the various Chairs are distributed.

At St. Andrew's University, for instance, there are no fewer than six Chairs in various branches of Theology—although recently there have only been about 40 students in the whole Divinity College—while there is a solitary Chair of Political Economy. Aberdeen University has five Theological Chairs to one of Political Economy. Edinburgh, indeed, rises to nine Divinity Chairs, but, in addition to Political Economy, it has Chairs in the Organisation of Industry and Commerce, and in Business Methods.

It may be true that if you scratch a Scot you find a theologian, but surely no one can deny that this particular academic emphasis reflects a pattern of society that no longer exists. It is strange that Scotland, which cradled the Industrial Revolution, produced great Labour leaders like Keir Hardie and Bob Smillie, and created the fortunes of many industrialists, should not have a single Chair of Industrial Relations. For centuries past a disproportionate number of Scots have left the poverty of their native land to administer the British Empire, but in Scotland there is still no Chair of Public Administration.

I am not urging that education should become simply vocational. The difficulties of our economic future are undoubtedly going to put severe stresses and strains on the various political and social patterns of behaviour by which we contrive to live together. If we are to see our way through, we will require not only technological and economic ingenuity, but also a high general level of citizenship and all the maturity we can muster in working our democratic processes. Yet Scotland has only one residential college for Adult Education—Newbattle Abbey. England and Wales have much more to show in this direction. There is a great deal to do in Scotland if she is to live up to her educational traditions and move towards a skilled and educated democracy. G. M. THOMSON

Calling Bill Wooll

I WENT to Bertram Mills Circus three days before the opening. I stood near the ring. Men were shovelling out sawdust, and seamstresses stretched strips of the canopy which careered down like rigging on a vast pleasure barge. High up in a neon-lit eyrie was the band-stand; they were playing a fox-trot. "For the sea-lions," said my guide, Mr. Walker. "They need exact tempo, and one of them plays a mouth-organ. No, they're not here yet. Which reminds me"—he struck his forehead—"the fish. . . ."

"What fish?" I asked. "One moment."

Olympia rattled and thumped with hammers and drills, and from the distance came echoes of caged African thunder. Suddenly two horses plunged among the measuring men and the ring-master and the carpenters, and capered in the ring, curving necks like breaking rollers. One of them lay on its back, and the other jumped over it, backwards and forwards in time with the sea-lion song. Nobody paid any attention to them. A man sawed through a plank; someone shouted at the bandmaster; a woman walked straight through the ring with a sheaf of papers. The horses left. I asked a man in riding breeches about them, but he hadn't seen them. "Probably the Radios," he said; "remote control horses. Do you know a chap called Bill?"

"Bill who?" I said.

"Bill Wooll—the Staff Manager. Everybody's looking for him."

Walker reappeared. "Ah," said the man in

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riding breeches, "have *you* seen Bill? Fattini's swaypole's too high for the foundation. Those were his Milan measurements. Then there's the three ropes for the sky cyclists. And the sawdust."

"I want Bill," said Walker, "about the fish."

We wandered out of the ring, through the galleried stables and the clowns' dressing rooms. Palomino horses stood in their make-shift beauty parlours, twitching cosseted tails. Shetlands tossed manes in miniature feuds. We opened a dressing-room door. On the dressing table lay a false nose, a child's Disney bucket, wooden dumb-bells. An Admiral's hat, a top hat and a dunce's cap hung from pegs. There were three trunks, each in diminishing size, marked with the names—ALBY, BEPPO, LITTLE BILLY. Outside the door was a tin cannon. At that moment a thin, melancholy man entered the room. "I am Alby," he said sadly. "Come to the canteen and meet Beppo and Billy."

We sat in the canteen drinking tea. Beppo was athletic and good looking; Little Billy a mannikin. "I used to be with Johnny Weismuller," said Beppo gloomily, "diving from eighty-five feet into tanks." He took a sip of tea. "In flames," he added.

Little Billy nodded solemnly. "I was one of Snow White's seven dwarfs," he said. "One night the chaps threw me into the girls' dressing room. I was stark naked." He eyed me grimly and pointed a finger at my notebook. "Don't tell them where."

Then they discussed clowning technique. "We build it up out of ordinary situations," said Billy. "We cook up a sort of story and let it expand as it goes. Kind of telepathy. That's the basis of our humour." He stared unhappily at his tea.

"Even when it gets grotesque," said Alby. "For instance, take the awkward waiter situation. A few years ago I waited on four sea-lions and an elephant." He seemed near tears. The three looked at me from a clown's planet of despair. I rose from the table. "Knee and ankle trouble—that's the worst part," said Alby.

I came back to Olympia the next morning. The sawdust twinkled like a sea-side holiday and the canopy shone in the firmament. The band was playing "La Comparsita." Out of the loud-speaker crackled a voice—"Calling Bill Wooll. Will Bill Wooll report to Mr. Cyril!"

"Excuse me," said a voice, "would you mind moving a little." An axe flashed through the air and bit into a blackboard three feet away. It was Frank Foster, Joint Ringmaster, keeping his eye in. I ran and bumped into Walker. "How are the fish?"

"We've got the fish," he said, "but there aren't any sea-lions. Have you seen Bill? You'd better come and see the cats." We walked through the gallery past a notice screaming "No Smoking" in four languages, and ending in a Chinese ideogram. We came out into a silent world of giant unpacked toys—the unborn Fun Fair. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE AN AIR GUNNER?" asked a placard. A mystic lady in a fur coat arranged press cuttings in front of a refined booth labelled OCCULT PARLOUR.

"Here are the cats," said Walker, "and there's Alexander Kerr in the cage."

The enormous circular cage housed four lions and two tigers. It was sly with the fug of dens. In the centre stood Alexander Kerr, the trainer, holding a whip and wheedling with the voice and expression of a schoolmaster, a lover or a missionary. "Sita! Sita! Sita!" he called. The tone trickled into the angry heart of the tiger. Streamlined with hate, it fizzled, boiled and exploded in a roar, then looked uncertain like a woman who has said too much. Two lions yawned. Next the cage stood a morbid grey plaster house named "YE HAUNTED CASTLE." The door opened and a man came out, waved to somebody inside, ran down the steps and paused by the gate, looking for something in his pocket. I imagined a key, or a suburban railway ticket. But he brought out a screwdriver and got to work on the hinges. Finally Alexander came out. The class broke up, and the cats ran off. Alexander is a slight, slow-moving man with the shadows of cats in his eyes. He slouches easily, like a sailor or a cowboy, but he is wary in a long world of claws. "You can see cats thinking," he said. "I don't mind those cats, but they're giving me bears. Lions, tigers and bears! Bears are sods. Their eyes tell you nothing and their bite is blue murder. Come along to the zoo."

The zoo contained lions and tigers, a dromedary, a llama, monkeys, birds and a troupe of elephants. A lady painter was sketching the llama as we arrived. It suddenly bent its head down, seized the drawing book in its teeth and began eating it. The elephants swayed from side to side, facing their striped enemies, their small eyes twinkling with antediluvian jokes. It was bath night. A taggle of wild boys brushed, scraped, pounded and mopped hides, pads and trunks. All the time they kept singing of Glasgow. Now and then an elephant (perhaps after a year's reflection) misbehaved. Then a wild boy, jumping on a polite trunk, screamed obscenities into one hypocritical eye. Alexander had gone into a tiger's cage and was having a scene with it. They were pommelling each other like private brothers. It was over in a moment, the tiger put on a popular face; a collar was slipped round its neck, and it was let out of the cage and strolled over to me and a couple of feuding photographers. "To get used to the place," said Alexander.

Walker appeared again. "The sea-lions are here," he said, "someone heard them barking. But Bill's had the fish moved. Come and meet Amleto Sciplini—chimp act."

We walked back to the ring where a general rehearsal was starting. Already there was a horses' ballet and Coco the clown was trying out his nine-pound boots. "Terrible weight," said Coco; "I've little ones made for my grandchild—he's going to be a great clown. Seven years old now and he started at three. Pity he's the only genius out of nine. . . ."

Amleto was sitting at the ring side and breathed the Via Veneto Café Espresso and Campari. "My chimps look like lovable children," he said, "but they are mean and moody. I tell everybody—'do not touch.' They need great discipline. The comedy? They have made it all themselves from their bad manners. Each time they make a new scene the people laugh and in it goes. But, my God, I can never be away from them—never!" We thanked Amleto and went to look for the sea-lions.

We found a van, peered through the mesh and saw the pseudo-scholarly eyes of a chimp. We heard barking, but it was a performing dog. Eventually we discovered Armand Guerre, the trainer, putting fish in a bucket. "Meet the sea-lions," he said, pointing towards his van. I climbed into a room like a cabin. At one end was darkness and a sound of hectic holiday splashing, passionate barks and a strong smell of herring. Dimly I could see three eager snake heads, twining in love knots. "Lights have fused," said Armand. "Has anyone seen Bill?" He began feeding his family. "They're four years old; begin training at two. These come from California—you can hear the American accent." His wife had an American accent too, but she came from the Midlands. . . .

The next day was the full dress rehearsal. The band played and in came the grand parade of horses, the fairy coach, the elephants, the Cobinas, the comedy cyclists and all the performers, and finally Alexander and his tiger. An explosion of clowns and the red-nosed charivari began. The chimpanzees played jazz, the elephants waltzed, Beppo began to perform a strong-man act with rubber weights, the sea-lions juggled and the canopy danced in a scream of children. "God Save the Queen" rolled on the audience, the fallen programmes, the trodden sawdust and fountained to the smoky canopy. Soon there was emptiness. A distant elephant trumpeted, then silence.

A man came running across the ring and pushed his face near a microphone—"Calling Bill Wooll! Calling Bill Wooll!"

ANTHONY CARSON

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Latter Day Saint

PUBLISHER and Author : Capitalist and Socialist : man of the world and latter day saint : Jew and Christian : rationalist and theologian : rebel and traditionalist.

"A man so various . . ."? But the great, sensible thing about Victor Gollancz is that nine times out of ten he has kept both his jest *and* his estate. And as for that list of opposites, well, of course they can be called fatal inconsistencies, or the richness of a many-sided nature, according to whether you like the fellow or not. Those who are fond of V.G. will continue to say to the scoffers : "Let him without contradictions first cast a stone at him." Anyhow, this generous, emotional, greedy, intelligent, gorgeous and sometimes absurd, *man* is worth a hundred of the neat little *petits-maîtres* of this world.

But it must be admitted that, for the purposes of brief biography, Victor is so many-sided that, like Mistress Quickly, a man does not know where to have him. His life has had several very distinct phases. For example, there was his first great experiment in redemption through education at Repton in the First World War, of which he has himself written brilliantly in his vast autobiography. From it the world learns in the utmost detail of his latest phase, the phase since the Second World War, the phase of international philanthropy—theology, authorship and sainthood.

On the whole, beatification has sat lightly upon him. He is far too intelligent to fail to see the humorous side of the dilemmas into which the latter day saint must hourly be thrust. But, then, one knows so few saints that the impulse to tease one is irresistible ! And the teasing has a basis. For Victor is the least self-conscious of men : not the least self-critical, of course. On the contrary, his autobiography is marked, and perhaps marred, by an extreme sense of his own failings, his own errors, his own sins. True to the traditions of Hebrew Prophets and Rabbis to which he belongs, not only by race but profoundly by temperament, his cry is one of lamentation for both himself and for the world. But he is one of the least self-conscious of men in the simple and direct sense of that term : in the sense that he is sometimes even less aware, perhaps, than the rest of us of the real impulses, the real motives, which actuate him.

How odd, for instance, in *Timothy II* to find him protesting, even though with Christian humility, against a critic's charge of egotism and exhibitionism, and defending himself by saying that he tried to wriggle out of discussing his "boyhood sexualities," but knew that he "mustn't and couldn't" hide them ! What better definition of exhibitionism could one find ? Of course he is an exhibitionist and proud of it ; how few of us have so much to reveal ! The saints were never squeamish about their sins and sorrows. And neither is V.G. No medieval mystic counted the lice on his body with more satisfaction than Gollancz apologises for his own self indulgencies. He says so much in the confessional that the priest can't get in a word sideways. His gusto for life and his intense interest in himself and his own soul, his compassion, his horror of violence, his phobias and weaknesses, his boasts, humiliations and his aspirations—these pour out in his autobiography in a torrent which to some people is merely embarrassing but which others are ready to compare with those of St. Augustine. It is at least as truthful as Rousseau's *Confessions*.

The new Victor, storming heaven for signs of God's grace, is not really so different as he thinks from the old unredeemed V.G. He is the same bundle of contradictions ; still a rogue elephant among publishers and an idealist, saved by the gift of divine discontent. Just as today he is not prepared to find comfort in the easy discovery of a conventional God, so in the Thirties he was a tireless dynamo, not content merely to publish some Left books, but ready to seize on a nation-wide response to found a Club whose object was nothing less than the prevention of the Second World War. Then, as now, he was a preacher seeking not only his own salvation but insistent on carrying us all into the fold with him. But his present phase is the direct result of the conflict of the Thirties ; of Marxism ; of the anti-Fascist Front ; of Stalin and the great purges ; of the Nazi-Soviet pact and the great Communist disillusion. It was not after all the war, horribly though he dreaded it, that ended that phase of V.G.'s career. It was that, like many others, he suffered intellectual and spiritual shipwreck, was drowned in the raging waters of our epoch, duly died, and was reborn with a new message for his fellow-men.

It is one individual story in the trial of a generation. But it was a trial not before fallible Courts of Law. It was trial by events ; trial by one event above all ; trial by the fact that, before the middle of the twentieth century, Communism under Stalin had become something which Western men and women could not support. They simply could not. It was not a question of some careful addition and subtraction sum as to the ultimate amount of good or ill which might be done by the establishment of a socialised economy by Stalin's methods ; it was an ungovernable revulsion from, and repudiation of, the great secular faith and society of our times.

It is impossible to over-estimate the convulsions in the minds and hearts of an important number of Western men and women which this event caused. It was by no means necessary to have joined the Communist Party, or even to have come close to it, in order to have suffered this convulsion. It was only necessary to have been a Socialist. The shipwreck affected men like Gollancz who were always spiritually remote from Communism and Russia. Such men were affected to the very depths of their beings by the fact that Communism and Russia had by 1940 become, beyond the last lingering possibilities of doubt or denial, causes which it was, almost physically, impossible to support.

It is true that the bankruptcy of the Communist ideal in the West was not the sole cause, by any means, of the subjective crises of the mid-twentieth century. There was plenty more besides ! There was renewed world war : there were the Nazis : there was the Spanish defeat : there was the general social regression of the West. But for Socialists at least it was not these horrors, in and by themselves, that took men beyond their breaking point. For these horrors were not in their camp ; or rather they did not

start in their camp. No doubt it was the cumulative effect of everything combined, and in a different proportion for each case; but for Socialists what did the psychic damage were the horrors *in their own camp*. For they forced the rupture in those basic identifications which had been made by much wider circles than Communists and fellow-travellers.

Thus it may be possible, and necessary, for a man to be an apostate from a faith he has never embraced. And the apostate is never scatheless. Just as after a major war one sees "*les mutilés de guerre*" dragging themselves through the streets of a stricken country, so now the mutilated of the catastrophe of the Communist ideal in the West can be seen making their way across the face of Europe and the Americas. Such psychic mutilations are not indeed irreparable. There is a plastic surgery of the spirit by means of which men put themselves together again. But, of course, in so doing they become different. One very natural method, much used by men who were actual members of the Communist party, is to become what may be called counter-Communists, on Koestler-Chambers lines. Another popular method of reconstruction is provided by the Catholic church. Gollancz, probably because he was never near the Communist stereotype, has never been near these reconstructions either. Instead he is increasingly taking the road out of the day-to-dayishness of things: he is taking the traditional road of the Orient, and for that matter of the mystical part of the Western Christian tradition.

Does this mean that all the work of his middle period has proved to have been uselessness and illusion? It is not so, nor would he say it was so. In the perspective of twenty years, it is interesting to look back upon the effort—a considerable one—of the Left Book Club in particular. The Club was formed to prevent Hitler being allowed to start the Second World War, and to popularise Marxism in Britain. It succeeded in doing neither. But there was never a better case of failing to do what you intended, and yet succeeding in doing something quite different, but in the long run perhaps hardly less important. For what the Left Book Club actually did do was to play a considerable part in making possible the Labour victory in 1945. Nor was its influence by any means confined to Britain. It is curious today to find in unlikely places, high and low, East and West, amongst law-makers and law-breakers, minds which were sparked by the Left Book Club.

It is, of course, far too early to say by how much that achievement has deflected the march of world events. But that anything which contributed appreciably to the emancipation of India, the redistribution of income in Britain, and the first constitutional socialisation of the basic industries of a major state, had *some* effect, is a contention open to dispute by the Great Red Pedants alone. For these events may yet be found to have been the beginning, however halting, of the real forward movement along the line which is alone possible for the workers of the Western world.

If so, Gollancz's middle period, of which the Left Book Club was of course only one part, will have been fruitful indeed. Before these fruits are gathered, he may have departed from amongst us into the wilderness, there to set us a pattern for our imitation. If so, his interest in the results to which the work of his middle period have contributed, will be less than ours. Not that Gollancz has ceased to be a Socialist; but his attention shifts from Socialism towards salvation—from the Third to the Ninth Symphony. That has been his way of putting himself together again.

The Arts and Entertainment

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA

It is hard for those who love opera to approach the Metropolitan Opera for the first time without a twinge of nostalgia. What ravishing sounds have been heard within those walls! Iniquities, too, no doubt there have been: muddle, slackness, outrageous displays of egotism. But for fifty years or so from its opening in 1883, the Metropolitan offered casts more consistently splendid than were to be heard anywhere else in the world, Covent Garden not excepted; and when those fabulous casts were welded together under some conductor of genius such as Toscanini or Gustav Mahler, the results can seldom have been equalled.

All this, despite the portraits of Eames and Sembrich looking serenely down from the red walls of the foyer, I put firmly out of mind. We are living through a world-wide famine of great singers; neither Rudolf Bing nor anyone else can conjure out of the void such tone and such art as belonged to Schumann-Heink or De Luca. I also tried to ignore the harsh extra-musical realities, mainly financial, on which the unfortunate General Manager is obliged to spend most of his time and energy. It was harder to forget the charge, apparently well substantiated, that in his first three seasons Bing had tended to show more interest in trick productions, in novelty for its own sake, than in a straightforward attempt to realise the intentions of composer and librettist. His producers include Tyrone Guthrie and Peter Brook, his favourite designer is Rolf Gérard. Remembering the recent operatic annals of our own country, I confess to having felt a touch of apprehension at the prospect of a Brook-Gérard *Faust* with the action transposed into the mid-nineteenth century.

The *Faust* revival opened the season, and it provided me with an agreeable surprise, the first of many. Though the new production got a bad press, the basic idea is brilliant and perfectly defensible. It has long been a commonplace of criticism that in Gounod's charming score there is almost nothing of Goethe beyond the bare outline of the story. And so long as Gérard remained faithful to his original idea, the change to a picturesque French nineteenth-century setting positively enhanced, for me, the lyrical charm of the work; most notably so in the vividly decorative street scene of Act II. With the garden scene, inconsistency crept in; Marguerite's house was admittedly invisible (which spoilt the climax), but weeping willows and Spanish moss suggested a Southern plantation manor—while for the second street scene (that of Valentine's return) we seemed to be back in medieval Germany. Peter Brook's work was consistently effective and free from exaggeration; he seems to have matured a great deal since his salad days at Covent Garden. Musically, this *Faust* was about as good as we are now likely to hear: certainly much better than anything we can expect at the Paris Opéra. Pierre Monteux's handling of the score was delicate, firm, serene and radiant; he drew from the excellent orchestra such playing as enabled one to understand the former immense vogue of the work, even the Mozartian comparisons with which our grandfathers made so free. The great virtue of Victoria de los Angeles and Jussi Björling was the smoothness of their cantilena; to this the soprano adds a lovely natural quality, but not the sparkle and agility wanted in the Jewel Song. Smoothness is however the principal deficiency of Rossi-Lemeni's Mephistopheles; he cut a dashing figure in tall hat and opera cloak, and roared out the Calf of Gold song to great effect, but was always defeated by a passage of sustained legato. Robert Merrill was a virile Valentine; but the singer who most easily filled the enormous auditorium (almost twice the size of Covent Garden) was Mildred Miller as Siebel. This was an instance of something which was to strike me again and again at the Metropolitan: the excellence of the minor roles. Feebleness, *à l'anglaise*, or gross exaggeration, *à l'italienne*, is very rare.

Monteux also conducted the two other French works given during the first month: *Pelléas* and *Carmen*. In neither of these did I think his work so sure or so distinguished as in *Faust*. *Pelléas* (with Nadine Conner and Theodor Uppman as the lovers) I saw only at the dress rehearsal, and it is unfair to judge from this a performance which was hailed by the New York critics as an all-round triumph. Monteux's reading struck me as stolid and prosaic, an impression which neither the cast nor the dull sets could dissipate. *Carmen* was newly staged last year with sets by Gérard and a production by Guthrie which, if still not free from eccentricity, marks an improvement on his handling of the same work at Sadler's Wells; I liked the sets except for the confusing and unjustified splitting of the last act into two scenes. Monteux avoided the furious tempi now apparently prevalent in Paris, but fell into an opposite fault: there was more than a hint of rhythmic lethargy in the orchestral playing. Altogether, this was an undistinguished *Carmen*, sung in the French of Stratford-atte-Bronx by Risë Stevens, Frank Guarrera (a poor Escamillo) and the usually dependable Richard Tucker.

During the opening month there was no German opera. Seven operas were given in Italian, including *Figaro* and a *Don Giovanni* which I was unable to hear. As everyone knows, *Figaro* is a hopeless proposition in this vast house. The present production tries to mend matters with an unfortunate arrangement of screens flanking an ugly semi-permanent set. Beside two successful debuts—Lisa della Casa dispensing exquisitely pure legato as the Countess, Seefried flitting dangerously close to the operetta style as Susanna—there was a wonderful demonstration of natural unforced comedy by the now almost voiceless Baccaloni as Dr. Bartolo. It was a delicious moment when he fixed the house with his lorgnette and announced, sublimely self-satisfied, "Tutta Seviglia conosce Bartolo": voice or no voice, that was perfect art. Fritz Stiedry conducts Mozart better than Verdi; nevertheless, his *Forza del Destino* was the finest Italian performance I heard in New York, and among the finest I have heard anywhere. Against the beautiful and finely lit sets of Eugene Berman, Herbert Graf's production was imaginative and completely convincing. It would be difficult to find today for such music a better soprano and tenor than Zinka Milanov and Richard Tucker. There is some looseness in Milanov's control of her middle voice in forte passages—what one might call "middle register spread"; but when she soars softly aloft, in the last act of this opera and of *Il Trovatore*, and in various passages in *La Gioconda* of which she gave a performance in New Orleans, she can send tremors of pleasure down the spine: *dolce cosa*, as Falstaff said of drinking good wine in the warm sun. Tucker seldom does that, but he is the most musical and most reliable of contemporary Italian tenors. Of the remaining Italian productions I can mention only the imposing Berman sets for *Rigoletto*, Gérard's pretty and intensely Parisian *Bohème*, the last-minute substitution for Hilde Gueden of a sweet-voiced and sympathetic young American Mimi in Lucine Amara, and the arrival of a new Germont *père* in *La Traviata*, Ettore Bastianini, who cared less for Violetta's plight than for the chance to display his fine, dark baritone.

My general impression is that the Bing regime, though hampered by every sort of administrative worry, has begun to shed its initial weaknesses. Backed by a first-class musical staff, and with the amazing wealth of native American vocal talent to draw on, the Metropolitan never seems to descend to the level of an "off" evening in the famous European houses, while its best is about equal to the best that Europe can provide. Its great weakness, the staleness of the repertory, cannot be mended until the theatre receives firm

financial backing. In every other respect it has good reason to go on thinking of itself as the world's leading opera house.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE BITCH GODDESS

DON'T miss—at least if you are prepared to take a gamble—the new Clifford Odets play, *The Big Knife*, at the Duke of York's. To my mind its very remarkable merits far outshine its more obvious defects. Most of my colleagues, I have noticed, have concentrated only on the latter, and so have given the impression that it is merely brash, vulgar and ideologically naive, a straight Left-wing tract, told in terms of crude melodrama. It is open to these charges, and indeed to more. There is an obvious difficulty about casting an American play in England, and these difficulties have not been satisfactorily solved. The very considerable pleasures of the acting derive almost exclusively from Mr. Sam Wanamaker in the long principal role; and Mr. Wanamaker, as those who saw the last Odets play, *Winter Journey*, may remember, has a very individual style. If you don't like it, that is a final tipping of the balance against risking the play. But if you share my enthusiasm for his extraordinarily sincere and imaginative realism, that alone will more than compensate for any defects in the play.

These defects I, anyhow, see rather than feel. The passion and truth which infuse it, and which are revealed particularly in the fine, taut dialogue, quite carried me away. Mr. Odets has, of course, always been a wildly sentimental writer. He is the exemplification in the theatre of that pre-war school of American writers who were once characterised as hard-boiled sweets with soft centres (less reprehensible all the same, than sickly fondant all through). Mr. Odets has—and it is no doubt understandable in the American context—a blind and violent hatred of the Bitch Goddess. Success is a fascinating subject, but there is nothing subtle about Mr. Odets' approach to it. For him in any form it stinks, and the stink inevitably corrupts. As a proposition this is, no doubt, sentimental nonsense. But as propulsive force behind his writing, it gives him a drive and vitality that I find immensely refreshing.

The Big Knife is set in Hollywood, and the fable is centred on a male star who was once an actor of real promise, but is now only an asset—and an extremely valuable asset—owned body and soul by a film corporation. The trouble with a parable taken from contemporary life is that we inevitably examine and criticise it as if it were not a parable but a realistic study. "Unfair to Hollywood!" we may exclaim, when the mogul who controls the owning corporation is presented as an unmitigated monster, when all the time we should be treating him as the author's symbol of the brutal power of money. The fault is the author's, but the excitement of the play consists for me less in the melodramatic events of its plot than in watching a sensitive conscience, self-incarcerated, pacing its gilded cage. Author and actor are both brilliant in defining and displaying the complicated series of defensive attitudes by which a weak charm defends itself against its own self-knowledge. The moment of Truth comes not as the author intends it, with the actor's escape at the end of the play, but in the superb scene of reconciliation with his wife—a bit of a moral prig—at the end of the second act. This is the most brilliantly written and acted scene I have witnessed in a year's theatre-going.

I wish that Mr. Odets could be persuaded to work over this play. Its central defect arises from its protagonist's strange failure to express any remorse for his own culpability in the crime by means of which he is caught; that strand, if it were there, would strengthen, not weaken the design. The supporting cast battle, some of them bravely, with roles to which they are little suited. Mr. Frederick Valk would be good if he were as intelligible as he is forceful. Mr. Meier Tzelniker and Miss Renée Asherson are both touching, and Miss Diane Cilento convincing.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

READING my fellow reviewers of the week's television programmes, sometimes with agreement, sometimes dissenting, I am reminded that I am, after all, a newcomer: perhaps what has beguiled me is simply the novelty—so far as I am concerned—of the medium? I would be more convinced of this if, everything being equally novel, everything equally beguiled me. But having this week slaked my not-very-deep thirst for parlour games by watching no fewer than four of them, having viewed two current affairs programmes, seen a play, an anthology of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer musicals, followed the B.B.C. Film Unit's survey of 1953 on New Year's Eve, caught glimpses of programmes for children, and women and of dancing turns and funny men, looked in at the final round of the National Union of Students' debating tournament (and what a preposterous choice of programme for the peak-viewing hour on Saturday night), I find everything does not equally beguile me. For me the week's most interesting and stimulating programme was Tom Harrisson's *The Golden Bough*, which, so far as I can judge, has received mainly stony stares from my colleagues.

It was, one gathers, a "hotch-potch" which would put off those viewers who had not read Frazer; while those who had might prefer to read him again. Now it seems to me probable that the number of regular viewers who have read Frazer or are likely to read him is very small. Mr. Harrisson's effort was an attempt at *vulgarisation*, "diffusing knowledge among the people," as the French-English Dictionary puts it. It can be faulted only on one or more of three grounds: that *vulgarisation* is undesirable; that the treatment was dull (*i.e.*, not entertaining); or that the contact was inaccurate or inadequate. If *vulgarisation* is undesirable, then the whole structure of the B.B.C. falls to the ground. Was the programme dull? Anything but. Mr. Harrisson himself struck me as being perhaps a little ill at ease at moments, but his coadjutor Mr. Maurice Collis was certainly not; the animated drawings were admirably animated; and the films—of rites among the Hairy Ainus and the Rumanian peasantry—were fascinating. I do not see how the imagination of the most tired of tired businessmen among viewers could fail to be stirred.

What of the programme's adequacy? By a fortunate chance a measuring-rod was presented to us two evenings later, when Gilbert Murray talked on Frazer and his great book in the Third Programme. Gilbert Murray is a splendid broadcaster, and his talk was delightful. It too was an act of *vulgarisation*, but because of its relatively differentiated audience, at a level less *vulgaire*. Yet what was striking, when one compared Mr. Harrisson's programme with Doctor Murray's talk, was how much Mr. Harrisson had been able to get in and how their interpretations chimed. Mr. Harrisson's *The Golden Bough*, we are told, is the first of a series of similar programmes: I hope that this is indeed so.

From the ardours and endurances of vision one returns to the simplification of sound, now as old-fashioned as aeroplanes that still have propellers. The week's especial pleasure was listening to the recording of Mr. Eliot's National Book League Lecture *The Three Voices of Poetry*. *Our Food*, in the *Can't We Do Better than This?* series, was a frank and reassuring discussion on the effects of chemical preservatives and dyes on foodstuffs; yet it was surely based on a fallacy that went unchallenged: that there was a time when ordinary people had access as a matter of course to unlimited supplies of *fresh* food. To Mr. Kavanagh's *The True Story of Humphrey Chinstrap* one listened with pious nostalgia. Impossible to judge it fairly; it evoked too powerfully, by their very absence, the shades of Tommy Handley and Francis Worsley. Yet one thing it did do: it reminded us that sound broadcasting has evolved a kind of humour unique to itself, to be translated into other media only at the risk of losing its essential qualities. Here the record of sound, from *Danger, Men at Work* fifteen years ago, through the *Itma* of the war-years and after, to *Much Binding, Take it From Here* and *The Goon Show*, is pretty good. If television can touch these I shall be surprised; just as I shall be surprised if, in my time, it touches the polish, slickness and scintillation of the Hollywood musical. Perhaps it was to underline this that *Hollywood Hit Parade* was shown the other evening.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Greed," at the National Film Theatre
"The Million Pound Note," at the Gaumont
"The Band Wagon," at the Empire

A Stroheim season is the New Year present offered to its patrons by the National Film Theatre. *Greed, Queen Kelly, Foolish Wives* and *The Wedding March* will be shown, together with pieces displaying him as actor; it is a tragedy that he should have made no film since 1928. But qualities of realism and satire that would have thrown open doors to the theatre shut those of the cinema. *Greed* is his most furious attack on public taste and the height of his talent. With it inevitably we start.

As originally made it was intended to run the length of twenty-four reels. This grandeur was not to be. M.G.M. protested; the film was cut (as Stroheim puts it) to ten reels "by a sharewielder who had never read the book or the script and had nothing on his mind but a hat." This is the version to be seen at the National Film Theatre. No other version exists.

What survives is a battered masterpiece still, after thirty years, capable of battering us. Some of the faults due to bad cutting are painfully evident: the slow start would not appear so in relation to the whole work; there are cuts that preserve the story at the expense of the characters; and one crucial scene at least, that of the wedding night, has been so maltreated that most of its psychological import is missed. Stroheim's own faults of melodrama and of naturalism that at moments caricatures itself seem by comparison trifling. Yet there is enough of *Greed* remaining—a good two and a third hours, in fact—to make an impact achieved nowhere else in films. It begins, almost jauntily, with tooth extraction and falling in love in the dentist's room, moving in the rain at the seaside ("Let's go and sit on the sewer"), a pal who gives up his girl and then regrets it when she wins 5,000 dollars in a lottery, a marriage ceremony in an upper room from which can be seen a public funeral going along the street, and the night when the bride shows herself fatally cold (left by the author to be inferred): thence her passion for gold, which soon turns her into a miser and him into a drunkard. The rest of the film is pure Strindberg. The angry naturalism, which in the earlier phases of the story has admitted caricature, grows steadily more horrific, and finally overpowering. Hatred and violence bring the characters to life and to their death. Stroheim works out his passions in a cold fury. They hardly endear him as a popular film-maker, but anyone who wants to experience the limit of what the film can do in certain directions should decidedly see *Greed*.

Two new films are in jolly contrast. *The Million Pound Note* is an Edwardian whimsy deriving its anecdote from Mark Twain and the style from Clair; it has agreeable moments—the dumbbells falling out of their case in the hotel lounge and the stampedes on the Stock Exchange—but rarely quite catches as it is meant to. *The Band Wagon*, directed by Vincent Minelli, is a song and dance piece about putting on a show, with Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan; their youthfulness never fades, and Miss Cyd Charisse is as beautiful as her dancing. It needs the whole of their combined charms and a gay crook ballet at the end to carry us through a film that is two-thirds dizzying.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

COMPETITIVE KILLING

SIR,—Public and Parliamentary horror at the stories of Kenya "scoreboards" and killing rewards is very creditable, but the general surprise is curious. That this sort of behaviour should be unexpected, in the circumstances, is the fault of propaganda which attributes the most exemplary motives to any action performed in the public service.

The official assumption seems to be that our troops in Kenya and Malaya are in spirit a volunteer militia, impelled to fight by noble motives of defending homes and liberties. But they are not volunteers; they are conscripts. Volunteer armies fight for the most direct personal motives, selfish or altruistic; and as long as they are aware of a personal urgency, as at certain moments in the last war, an artificial morale-booster like rewards for dead enemies might legitimately be thought to disgrace units which needed it.

However, nobody supposes that scores of thousands of men would have gone of their own accord to combat political rebellion in the colonies. They went because they had to. They are not peasants beating off the Vikings with scythes; they are Platonic Guardians, a Sword for the use of the State, watchdogs to bite impersonally the armies indicated by their masters.

Accordingly, a substitute personal motive must be provided to make men fight. Anybody who has served in Malaya, where scoreboards and rewards were and probably are in general use, knows the futility of trying to generate morale in British troops there by patriotic or political considerations. In an army acting in a purely professional capacity, one is left with the personal inducements of professional pride. If these miserable wars must be fought at all, appeals to professional enthusiasm through competitive scoreboards merely to gain through rewards are going to be the only sort of techniques which will keep soldiers fighting happily, revolting though they are. Most soldiers consider that the issue of these conflicts will hardly affect them either way.

It is unpleasant to see the pious shock registered in the House of Commons over these revelations. I can hardly conceive that members could be so unintelligent as to despatch conscript armies to colonial emergencies and then expect their attitude to be that of men voluntarily defending their own firesides.

C. N. ASCHERSON

King's College, Cambridge.

PRIVATE SPECIALISTS AND THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—Mr. Garland makes the curious point that consultants attend hospital now as often and for as long as they did before 1948. It would indeed be surprising if they did not, since they are now paid for doing so. With the coming of salaries for hospital visits, it was notorious that mutual support was freely given in local advisory committees to secure extra "sessions"; every part-time consultant is naturally anxious to have the maximum attainable number of paid sessions, since this is now much the most lucrative part of his work.

"Medical Specialist's" main points go unanswered by Mr. Garland. Your contributor rightly says that part-time appointments are extravagant and that direct encouragement is given to candidates for new appointments to take part-time rather than whole-time work, and to existing whole-time consultants to become part-time, by a process which can only be described as bribery. Many a consultant has found that his income would be larger in part-time work, even if he never saw a private patient, merely because he could get generous expense allowances and be paid for visits to the homes of patients, which he had previously undertaken without extra fee. Why have the Ministry encouraged such a development? To the initiated the reason is obvious. Mr. Bevan, at the time the Service was instituted, was advised that only by offering such bribes could he secure the co-operation of the staffs of the undergraduate-teaching and "voluntary" hospitals, who were used to making their living in private practice. He was told that whole-time appointments would be rejected by these people, so that he would be left without an adequate corps of specialists to staff his hospitals. He succumbed to this threat, and since then the medical advisory committees, largely composed of the same people, have willingly supported the policy of preserving the "freedom" of fee-paying practice for doctors who draw salaries of from £2,000 to £5,000 for attendance at hospital, in addition to travelling allowances and fees for home visits which add perhaps another £1,000: a veritable professional heaven!

When Sidney Webb was asked by Lloyd George to advise on National Health Insurance, he said that when people were to be paid out of public funds sums which in other walks of life would be regarded as adequate salaries, they should become, like judges, University professors and ambassadors, whole-time public servants. Webb's advice was rejected, under direct threat of non-co-operation from the B.M.A. The resultant hybrid Service, with one door for the insured worker and another (superior grade) for the fee-paying middle-class patient, notably delayed the organisation of a genuine general practitioner medical Service. A similar part was played by "Harley Street" and the Royal Colleges in relation to the National Health Service. Just as there were threats of no co-operation right up to the appointed day for N.H.I., so it was left uncertain to the last whether the staffs of the "voluntary" and teaching hospitals would play their part in the N.H.S.

Two further points. As a recent personal experience has made abundantly plain to me, the charity tradition of the London teaching hospitals, which has made them a bulwark of social reaction, is fully maintained under a system which disguises the fact that medical staffs are paid handsome salaries and continues to represent them as making sacrifices for the public good.

Secondly, can Mr. Garland indicate one major and established contribution to medical science in Britain during the last 20 years, whether in etiology, therapeutics, preventive or social medicine (as distinct from mere writing of books and papers) made by a medical specialist in private practice?

ANOTHER SPECIALIST

SIR THOMAS MORE

SIR,—In reply to his first letter, I advised Mr. Waugh to take a little trouble before screaming about my howlers. In reply to his second I can only repeat this advice.

First, Bishop Fisher. Mr. Waugh now accuses me of having written, in extenuation of my use of this title, that the title of Cardinal "is not a legally recognised title in this country"; and on the basis of this accusation he proceeds to find me culpably inconsistent in referring to "Cardinal Wiseman." If Mr. Waugh will look at my letter he will see that I made no such foolish evasion. What I stated, with perfect clarity, was the historical fact that Bishop Fisher's *Cardinalate* —announced by the Pope when Fisher was already deposed and attainted of treason—was not recognised in England. Mr. Waugh has thus falsified my words, and the generalisations which he bases on such falsification are, in his own words, "rude and irrelevant."

Still on the basis of this falsification, Mr. Waugh presumes that I am ignorant of Fisher's Cardinalate. Every schoolboy has been told how Fisher, on the eve of his execution, was declared a Cardinal in Rome, and how Henry VIII promptly (and accurately) replied that if the red hat came there would be no head to put it on; just as every schoolboy also knows that Thomas Cromwell, on the eve of his execution, was created Earl of Essex. But he does not expect to be accused of ignorance by sectarians and pedants if he still refers to them, in the customary manner, as Bishop Fisher and Thomas Cromwell.

Secondly, the meaning of the word "recusant." On this subject, since my family were recusants for two hundred years while Mr. Waugh's Catholicism is, I think, still rather crude and green, I may perhaps claim a finer sense than he. At all events, on the basis of my reading, I ventured to suggest that *before* 1570—*i.e.*, before the meaning became specialised through the papal Bull of Excommunication—the word was used of those who refused the oath of Supremacy. With a triumphant flourish Mr. Waugh now quotes from the *Oxford English Dictionary* the specialised

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SIR JAMES BARRIE considered that a tin of Craven Tobacco was a far greater award than the freedom of the city. In 'My Lady Nicotine' he said:

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meaning which, *after* 1570, I of course allow. What he prudently conceals from your readers is the fact that, with one exception, every instance of that meaning given by the Dictionary is *after* 1570, and therefore, of course, quite irrelevant to my remarks. Further, the one exception (from an Act of Parliament of 1553) proves, on closer examination, to have been erroneously included under that heading. Reference to the original Statute (7 Edward VI c.4) shows that in fact the term is there used to describe, not abstainers from the Protestant church, but clergy who refuse to pay their tenths and firstfruits. Thus the evidence of the Dictionary is in no way inconsistent with my suggestion. Further, those who have studied the matter less superficially than Mr. Waugh seem to agree with me. Thus the Roman Catholic scholar Fr. Godfrey Anstruther, in his family-history *Vaux of Harrowden*, writes: "A recusant is one who refuses. The word first appears in the Statutes as early as 1548, when it meant an incumbent who refused to pay tenths to the King. *Early in Elizabeth's reign it meant one who refused the oath of Supremacy.* It was *later* used to designate a Papist who refused to resort to divine worship in Protestant churches. . . ." This is exactly my conclusion.

Mr. Waugh has presumed to tell me what is "the only honourable course" for me to adopt. Perhaps he will now consider what is the least dishonourable course left to those who, in order to gain debating points, are convicted of falsifying documents, concealing relevant evidence and relying on abuse.

Finally Mr. Waugh asks, "If we (the English Roman Catholics) are empty, what does Christendom contain?" Less parochial in my observation than Mr. Waugh, I have noticed other Christians besides Roman Catholics, and other Roman Catholics besides that minority of Englishmen whom Mr. Waugh (doubtless to their embarrassment) so loudly claims to represent.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

U.S. AND PAKISTAN

SIR,—I have read the despatches from your Correspondents in Washington and Delhi with great interest. It was THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION which, commenting on food gifts from United States to Pakistan last year, warned that Pakistan "must not trade her freedom for food." It was a bold comment; the time has now come to serve the same warning, in a new context, to the leaders of Pakistan.

One must especially deplore the manner in which the Government of Pakistan has treated public opinion, both at home and abroad, on this question. Apart from its refusal to publish the full facts, attempts are being made to stifle all opposition to the alliance. Two weeks ago, a youth leader was arrested in Karachi (he is still in jail) while distributing pamphlets against any military pact with "Uncle Sam" or, for that matter, with any power bloc. A Gandhian threat from a Karachi editor that he would undertake a hunger strike if full facts of the alliance were not published has also failed to move the Government. A petition in Karachi against the alliance has been condemned by official circles as a "subversive move, inspired by foreign agents." One does not know how these actions by the Government can be squared with the repeated denials in clumsy statements, that the pact has been signed.

At the same time, some newspapers in Karachi supporting the Government, have launched an unprecedented hysterical campaign for "friendship and understanding with United States." During the three-days stay of Mr. and Mrs. Nixon in Karachi, an English language newspaper in Karachi published as many as sixteen photographs of the distinguished visitors (ranging from double column size to a few in four columns). We cannot dismiss this simply as performance of third-rate journalism. More astonishing is the scant regard which the Government of Pakistan has shown towards the opinions expressed in the press of India, Burma, Indonesia and the liberal section of Japanese press, against the alliance. Their comments make an overwhelming impression; it seems that a two-sheet newspaper published in Jakarta or Rangoon can sometimes be more genuinely concerned for peace in Asia than the entire "national" press in Karachi.

With their lack of understanding and vision, the leaders of Pakistan can hardly realise that the country is already in the midst of a process which will only lead to a complete alienation of Pakistan from the rest of South East Asia; a process which will, in the long run, make her nothing less than a declared enemy of neutralist India and Communist China and a suspect in the eyes of the entire Middle East, where today every suggestion for lessening the world tension runs along the line of the possibilities of a third bloc, in opposition to both Anglo-American Imperialism and the Soviet Union.

77 Churchfield Road, SEYED MOHAMMAD ALI
Acton, London, W.3.

SCOTTISH NATIONALISM

SIR,—I read Neil McCallum's amusing satirical article on the Scottish "conspiracy" trial with interest, although as the father of one of the four boys jailed for a year for being in possession of explosives I may be forgiven for viewing the affair rather less light-heartedly than Mr. McCallum.

I do not think the article makes sufficiently plain the good service my son and his friends have done the Scottish people in showing up the methods employed by the Government and the Edinburgh City Police to weaken the growing national movement. The trial proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that use was made of spies and *agents provocateurs*, whose unsavoury job it was to incite young nationalists to acts of violence. My son and his friends carried their exposure of these methods to the High Court of Scotland itself, and they fulfilled their purpose with great courage, skill and single-mindedness. I am proud of my son for the part he played in this exposure.

In the days of Castlereagh and of the Scottish Chartists, who were much more militant than those in England, successive Governments employed the basest of methods in order to break the organisations of the people. The name of "Richmond the Spy," who got several victims hanged, is still remembered in the Scottish working-class movement. Nevertheless, it was an unpleasant shock for the people to realise that identical methods were being employed by the police and the Government today.

I am a crofter, and my son is studying to become a veterinary surgeon. We have made many sacrifices to send him to Edinburgh, and he has always worked well, and passed all his exams. In doing what he did, he stood to lose everything, and he was quite aware that he might be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment if he and his companions failed to convince the jury of the truth of their story. Consequently it is quite unworthy for Neil McCallum to suggest that these boys were looking for a martyrdom "mild enough" to make no difference to their careers.

A Special Constable who drove the car for three of the lads on the night that they were "conspiring"—according to the Crown—to blow up St. Andrew's House with 2½ lb. of gelignite has been awarded the B.E.M. in the New Year Honours List. But the name of the informer who was the principal Crown witness does not appear in the list. The Scottish people have become accustomed to insults from Whitehall, but the Government no doubt realised that this would be too much altogether.

There is a pithy Gaelic saying—*Innridh briag gobhal* (a lie needs a prop).

My son and his comrades have already been awarded the only decoration that they could ever want—the love and honour of thousands of their fellow-countrymen. The day will come when our beloved Scotland is "a nation once again," and when no one will insult her with impunity. On that day the names of those who have worked and fought for her freedom will be honoured.

Croit-Anna, GEORGE K. WATT
Druimarbin, Fort William.

RADIO POLITICS

SIR,—The "Any Questions" programme is listened to by a large radio audience throughout the country. But it is extremely difficult to understand, particularly when three or four political questions are permitted each week, why there is usually only one speaker to give the point of view of Labour and the working classes, whilst there are at least three speakers to give that of the Tories.

For whether the speakers call themselves independent, economist, journalist or farmer, they are mostly reactionary Conservatives, some more violent than others, as three of them were last Friday, when there was no Labour speaker at all. Recalling the remarks made by these particular three, it seems pure nonsense to suggest that anyone can be non-political in programmes such as this one. As Labour polled more votes than the Conservatives at the general election, an independent non-political body should surely give it at least equal representation in these talks programmes as it gives to the Conservative view.

B. W. DALE
Coulsdon, Surrey.

ART COLLECTIONS BILL

SIR,—Mr. Nicholson takes a poor view of the selective ability of the Trustees of our two major galleries, and their advisers.

Surely the new Bill, in authorising the sale of pictures "not required as part of" the collections for which the Trustees are responsible, is intended not only to enable them to get rid of "weeds," and there are some weeds! It gives them the creative opportunity of balancing their collections, and by virtual exchange of pictures from an abundantly represented period for those of a sparsely represented period, giving a better historical view of art.

There have obviously in the past been times when there has been injudicious buying; why sterilise such pictures in the collections by taking away incentive to sell through the present rule that the purchase money goes to the Treasury?

Is he afraid that the Temples of Art will become a seat of money changers run by a set of bargain hunters? Even this would in a sense be a useful stimulus to popular interest in art. What thrilling discussions in *The Times* as to the worth of pictures! What speculations in the works of promising young artists! Instead of a handful of semi-commercial galleries in London we might approach the hundred galleries of Paris.

The riot could be reduced to proportion by limiting sales to British Galleries, and making a condition that a representative collection of each period be retained. I trust you, Sir, will support the Bill.

Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2. AMBROSE APPELBE

"PUDDING-EATERS"

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Marshall's recent review of *Sam Brooke's Journal* (*The Diary of a Lancing Schoolboy*) included several most unflattering extracts concerning a fellow scholar named R. W. Papineau.

This alleged bully happens to be my father and whilst I can ignore Sam Brooke's reactions to being forced to play football, I am very concerned with your repetition of the libellous entry in the diary that "Papineau ran away from Oxford during the Christmas Vacation 1862." It happens that I possess a copy of the Oxford University Almanack and Register (1864) which shows on page 73 that my father, Rossall William Papineau, was in residence as a Commoner at St. John's College in October 1863.

I consider that, before publishing such a slanderous rumour, Mr. Peter Hadley could have examined the University registers and added a note clearing my father of Sam Brooke's falsity.

OWEN PAPINEAU
Orchard College, Whitton,
Middlesex.

GAUCHERIES

SIR,—The social lapse recorded by Critic in *African Diary* in your issue of January 2 reminds me of a similar incident at a dinner party at which I was present in Nairobi many years ago. The first guest to be served, either through greed or inadvertence, took two cutlets. The head boy, when half-way round the table, found three cutlets left with four to be served, hurried back to the offender and loudly commanded him to "rudisha moja"—put one back. There was a moment's embarrassed silence, then every guest dissolved in laughter.

G. E. SAYERS
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Books in General

MEN live after their own deaths in the minds of others. Samuel Butler thought that this was the only form of immortality. For most men it is a wasting asset. Memories fade; causes change. Who now cares what Gladstone said in 1869? Occasionally the historian acts as a resurrection-man. He discovers that some forgotten figure was the real saviour of his country or maker of empire. Our nineteenth-century Prime Ministers, for instance, are being pushed aside; and their fame is being usurped by civil servants, hitherto obscure. There is another, and more lasting, way to survival. The historical figure is turned into a symbol. The man becomes a myth; and, though his real deeds are forgotten, he is mobilised in defence of some cause which might have surprised him. The founders of the great religions have all enjoyed this fate. Millions of men repeat their names, while knowing nothing of the details of their lives. The carpenter's son of Galilee blesses the grandeurs of the Papacy; and the tyranny of the Politburo is carried out in the name of a crabbed, cantankerous German scholar.

Metternich knew this success, even in his lifetime. His name was the symbol of resistance to the revolution—abused by the radicals, praised, though more rarely, by conservatives. His fall in 1848 was the decisive sign that "the springtime of peoples" had begun. Soon he was being treated as the great opponent of German unity, his immortality turned to ridicule by Treitschke, only his interminable "five metaphors" remembered. Every textbook of history rejoiced that "the system of Metternich" had been overthrown; and the most humble politician assumed that any future settlement would improve on the work of the Congress of Vienna. The peacemaking of Versailles began the disillusionment. Metternich crept back into favour as the exponent of a less idealistic diplomacy. The balance of power seemed a more sensible and a more effective principle than the League of Nations. But Metternich had to wait for his full restoration until the present cold war of creeds. He has reemerged as "the rock of order," and every renegade liberal in America discovers an admiration for this desiccated aristocrat. Metternich is again to fight the Jacobins, but this time with the big battalions on his side. Nationalism is frowned on; and the European Defence Community is to replace "the mouldering edifice" of the Habsburg monarchy, which Metternich lamented that he had spent his life in propping up.

The new saint of conservatism is a long way from the Metternich of history. Little knowledge lay behind his canonisation. In German there is a ponderous life by Srbik, weighed down by material. Writing it did not prevent Srbik from accepting the proud title of *Reichsminister* from Hitler. The short life by Miss du Coudray gives a sound account of his diplomacy, but leaves out his judgements of general policy. Algernon Cecil's provocative life aimed deliberately at canonisation and was more concerned to challenge the reader than to arrive at historical truth. Constantin de Grunwald easily established the claim to have written the best short life of Metternich, when he brought it out in French 15 years ago. The translation is welcome* though the translator has made some clumsy slips and the contemporary allusions are sharply out of date. In this book he lives again as a man and not as the figurehead for a party-programme.

He was a very silly man. This is revealed even in the flattering portrait by Lawrence, which adorns the book as frontispiece. Vain and complacent, with fatuous good looks, his first thought in a crisis was to see whether his skintight breeches fitted perfectly and the Order of the Golden Fleece was hanging rightly. Even his love-affairs—and he had many—were calculated for their political effect. He sought influence on Napoleon through the Queen of Naples and learnt the secrets of Russia from Countess Lieven. It must have been disturbing when he whispered political gossip in bed. He never made a clever remark. His thoughts, like those of most conservatives, were banal and obvious. "Things must get worse before they get better"; "after war Europe needs peace"; "everyone has his allotted place in society." Most men could do better than this when shaving. As he grew older, he grew more sententious. His deafness gave him an irresistible hold over his visitors. Bismarck wisely slept during his discourse and so won the old man's favour. There are those whom we would recall from the dead. Metternich is not among them. Even Mr. Viereck and Professor Morgenthau would blench if he appeared on their doorstep, his empty sentences already phrased.

He was good at his job, though it is not so difficult a job as is often supposed. His job was diplomacy and, in particular, to maintain the greatness of the house of Habsburg. He was spared the greatest difficulty of the diplomat, which is to convince his own employer. The Emperor Francis gave Metternich a free run, so long as Austria was kept out of war; and even the Austrian generals counted on being beaten. He liked to present himself in later life as the symbol of resistance. In reality he had been the greatest of appeasers. His first stroke was "the Austrian marriage," by which he hoped to buy off Napoleon with an Austrian archduchess. Far from being the enemy of Napoleon, Metternich was the most anxious of allied statesmen to compromise with him. He hesitated to enter the last coalition; strove for an agreed peace; and regretted Napoleon's downfall. He justified his policy of fear of Russia; it was pointless, he argued, to overthrow one tyrant of Europe, if another took his place. The truth is that he wanted others to do the fighting for him. Besides, he supposed that a plump archduchess would turn Napoleon into a harmless, almost legitimate monarch and that the man who had grown great through the Revolution would now tame it. It made the delusion no less absurd that Napoleon sometimes shared it.

Metternich did not invent the balance of power, nor do much to develop it. The Great Powers of Europe existed without his assistance; and his only initiative at the Congress of Vienna was to project an unnecessary war over Poland—a war which others had too much sense to fight. In international affairs, too, he offered a series of platitudes. "All I ask is a moral understanding between the five great powers. I ask that they take no important step, without a previous joint understanding." Even the United Nations would work if Metternich's request were granted. But what if the great powers disagreed? Metternich offered only lamentations and reproaches. He abused Canning for putting British interests first; yet was ready to wreck his conservative partnership with Russia for the sake of Austrian interests in the Balkans. In the usual way of statesmen who rule over a decaying empire, he urged others to preserve the Austrian monarchy for their own good. He invented an Austrian "mission" and assured his foreign visitors how unwillingly he had added Lombardy to the empire in 1815. It is, of course, rare for upholders of empire ever to admit that they get advantage or profit from it. And as Metternich went from one palace to another or pocketed the rewards which other sovereigns as well as his own showered upon him, the cares of office were no doubt the only thought in his mind.

He played some diplomatic problems competently, though Palmerston, his contemporary, did better with less fuss. The two shared the credit for a peaceful outcome to the eastern crisis in 1840. But ten years earlier Metternich might have muddled the Belgian alarm into a war, if it had not been for Palmerston's firm handling. Again, Metternich put years of wasted effort into attempts at intervening in the Spanish civil wars. His most original move in Austrian policy was to concentrate her strength on Italy. Though himself a German from the Rhineland, he encouraged Austria's withdrawal from Germany. He did not assert her supremacy in the German confederation nor even grudge Prussia her private score of the Zollverein. Yet he was too much a man of western Europe to be content with the Balkans as compensation. For him Asia began at the road eastwards from Vienna. Italy alone seemed worthy to be the Habsburg prize. And Metternich taught the doctrine—quite erroneous, as it turned out—that the Habsburg monarchy could remain great only so long as it continued to dominate in Italy. All his diplomatic combinations centred on the Italian provinces. Yet he knew both that the Italians hated Austrian rule and that France would not tolerate it indefinitely.

This double threat was in itself an attraction to him. It was always his aim "to fight the revolution on the field of international politics." He had no faith in principles or ideas despite his theoretical posturing. Though he claimed to be a disciple of Burke, he doubted whether historical institutions would hold against radical ideas. In any case, there were no historical institutions in central Europe, except for the Hungarian parliament; and this Metternich never managed to control. The kings and emperors were almost as new as Napoleon who had indeed created many of them. The Habsburgs had laid their hands on the historic states of Hungary and Bohemia; and Poland, the greatest historic state of all, had been eaten up by Metternich and his two conservative partners of the Holy Alliance. If history was useless, concession was dangerous. Metternich never wearied of explaining that moderate liberalism inevitably opened the door to extreme radicalism.

* *Metternich.* By CONSTANTIN DE GRUNWALD. Translated by DOROTHY TODD. *Falcon Press.* 21s.

—a judgement repeatedly belied by events. Indeed, he argued in a perverse way that extreme radicalism, being less concealed, was somehow less alarming and even less destructive than moderate reform.

His only answer to either liberalism or radicalism was, in fact, repression. If people were not allowed to think for themselves, they would be satisfied with material prosperity—and even this could be neglected. Since he had no genuine conservative ideas himself, he denied that radical ideas were genuine; and solemnly maintained that discontent everywhere was the result of "a conspiracy." When Confalonieri, the Italian patriot, was brought as a political prisoner to Vienna, Metternich wrangled with him for hours in the hope that "the conspiracy" would at last be revealed. His view of radicalism was exactly that of Senator McCarthy. The good conservative must look under the bed every night. One day he will find a radical lurking there. A conspiracy needs a centre; and Metternich found it in Paris, as his present admirers find it in Moscow. How much easier to forget men's political grievances and to raise the cry of foreign war. But Metternich had more sense than those who now tread in his footsteps. Though he advocated a conservative crusade against France and "the revolution," he proposed that it should be fought by others. Austria did her duty to civilisation by existing; it was for others to keep her going. He said in old age: "Error has never approached my spirit." And certainly he never made the error of getting into the front line if he could avoid it. In this way at least he set an example to us all.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

IONA

Flocks that know no fold
Herd inshore from Mull
Fleeces for the shearing.*
Gulls on the rock cry wreck
The past has been a thief.
On Columkille the blind
Round Keltic cross and ring
Divine aquatic mystery
Marooned in a green stone.
The drowned church like a skull
Hallowing worlds of cold
Whose ruins are our own.

Why have we come to find
This island wilderness?
What did we hope to see?
Hands held up to bless
A rock like a honeycomb
With corridors of history
Leading us all home?
On the altars of this scree
No act or mimicry
Dines and wines on grief,
Though sun pour oil on the reef
For the antiphon of the sea.

J. F. HENDRY

* *Gaelic circumlocution for "waves"*

AT THE CIRCUS

His secret grievous dreadful eyes
Belie the grin and painted frown,
Still through his acts antiquely rise
The terrors of a Roman clown.

FRANCES CORNFORD

A LOST POET

Collected Poems of Charlotte Mew. *Duckworth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mrs. Alida Monro, in her introductory essay to this volume, describes her excitement nearly forty years ago at coming across a poem by Charlotte Mew in *The Nation*, and (what does not always follow) her immediate wish to discover more about its writer. Most of us have first encountered Charlotte Mew in much the same way, through the single anthology poem, and have speculated too about the personality behind these queer, half-childlike, passionate imaginings. And in fact, her story, as Mrs. Monro briefly tells it, *is* a strange one, but its strangeness is of the kind that belongs peculiarly to gifted lives with little apparent event.

Charlotte Mew (1869–1928) was born in Doughty Street and lived for nearly all her life off Gordon Square, not far from the British Museum; prim, ironical, and haunted (as her portrait shows no less startlingly than her poems), she might have been the very spirit of Bloomsbury before it had fallen on the Bohemian days of a generation or two ago. She was the oldest of four children—three girls and a boy—of a London architect: an ill-fated family, like that of another Charlotte half a century before. The two youngest had to be put in mental asylums; for this reason Charlotte and her sister, the violet-eyed artistic Anne, had early decided not to marry. Their father, in lifetime a gay and reckless spender, left them on his death in 1898 only the harassing problem, important in that time, of keeping up appearances without the means to do so. The need to move from the house where they had always lived, then the illness and death of Anne, must have finally worked on Charlotte Mew's unhopeful disposition. She took her life by poison at the age of fifty-nine.

No one knows how many of her poems have been lost through her habit, in cynical or despondent mood, of destroying the manuscripts. In this whole collection there are no more than sixty poems, some extremely short. Yet, bounded as they are by *The Yellow Book* at one end and *Georgian Poetry* at the other, there is hardly one which does not make a direct and sometimes an extraordinary impact. Charlotte Mew had come late to poetry, after years of short stories and essays; and like some other poets who have started with prose—they are not many—she wrote, in a lyric framework, with an unusual boldness and freedom of line; never falling into the poetic cliché, or bending the meaning to the verse. Her sudden use of a rugged metre in the course of a regular one seems deliberate, a temperamental impatience rather than a want of ear, for there are smooth and flowing passages enough: this from *The Fête*, for example:

In the *Place d'Armes* all afternoon
The building birds had sung 'Soon, soon,'
The shuttered streets slept sound that night,
It was full moon:
The path into the wood was almost white,
The trees were very still and seemed to stare:
Not far before your soul the Dream flits on,
But when you touch it it is gone
And quite alone your soul stands there.

It is hard to be certain how far her manner, with its conversational echoes, is derived. We learn nothing from Mrs. Monro of her reading, only that it was as much in French as in English. She tries out, with good effect, the Rossetti five-line ballad verse (in *Pécheresse*, for example); but her poems have not the decoration nor the claustral oppressiveness of the Pre-Raphaelite model. Though she sometimes writes of situations that recall Christina Rossetti, she rejects the resigned acceptance that turned the lyrics of the older poet to clear, if occasionally deep, water. Charlotte Mew has really more in common with the novelist-poets—Meredith, Browning, above all Hardy. Most of her poems have, indeed, an implied narrative content; often they are composed of dialogue or monologue in the Browning manner; she preferred, like him, to assume a disguise. But essentially they are not imitative; not "bookish." The most characteristic seem to be written out of an intense experience recollected without tranquillity—a kind of poetry which, while possibly at odds with the stricter standards of our critical reserve, can be peculiarly affecting. *Love in a Valley*, at once good and bad, is a major poem of this sort.

We find this note most strongly in the three long and very disturbing works which are surely the most interesting poems in the book—*The Fête*, *Madeleine in Church*, and, the most terrifying of all her writings, *The Quiet House*. These baffling and original poems, with their oblique autobiographical content, provoke an imaginative unrest which no re-reading will entirely dispel. (It is a typical irony in the life of Charlotte Mew, whose uncompromising moral code, Mrs. Monro tells us, made her break off more than one close friendship, that the compositor of the small firm employed by the Poetry Bookshop refused to set up *Madeleine in Church* because it was blasphemous.) In *Ken* and *On the Asylum Road*, which are about madness, and in *The Old Shepherd's Prayer* and *In the Fields*, on the finality of death and the wish for that finality, she speaks with more directness. Her language is generally more simple, and more revealing of its time, than the thought it expresses. The poem *Fame*, for instance, which starts with a shrewd self-portrait, has the curious conclusion:

Yet, to leave Fame, still with such eyes and that bright hair!
God! If I might! And before I go hence
Take in her stead
To our tossed bed
One little dream, no matter how small, how wild.
Just now, I think I found it in a field, under a fence—
A frail, dead, new-born lamb, ghostly and pitiful and white,
A blot upon the night,
The moon's dropped child.

It is possible to underrate her from her anthology pieces, which have something of the wistfully unadult air much favoured by the age of Peter Pan. In her best-known poem, *The Farmer's Bride*, by employing her familiar trick of speaking as the *other* character, she imposes a sentiment that seems not in key with her shrewd though melancholy character. Hardy's grimly humorous poem *The Homecoming*, also about a very young girl's wedding night, offers a revealing comparison. But it is often to Hardy that our minds will turn as we read this volume. We learn without surprise that he deeply admired her work; that one of her poems was discovered, copied out in his hand, among his papers. In Charlotte Mew, we find the same crag-like line; the preoccupation with the sea, that severs and unites; with loss and irony, and change in human relationships. Her field was limited; her energy was short-lived, but it was very intense; to read her poems is a distinct poetic experience.

The haphazard arrangement of this book (which may or may not be the editor's fault) makes it impossible to judge her poetic progress, or to relate, even from the point of time, the poem to the experience. Nothing is dated; there is no commentary, nor (except for five "Early Poems") is there any chronological ordering. It would be interesting to think, though, that *The Call*, which is printed last, is indeed her final poem, for it suggests a new course, as well as an older inspiration, for her writing. I give the concluding lines:

. . . . something swift and tall
Swept in and out and that was all.
Was it a bright or a dark angel? Who can know?
It left no mark upon the snow,
But suddenly it snapped the chain,
Unbarred, flung wide the door
Which will not shut again;
And so we cannot sit here any more.
We must arise and go:
The world is cold without
And dark and hedged about
With mystery and enmity and doubt,
But we must go
Though yet we do not know
Who called, or what marks we shall leave upon the snow.

NAOMI LEWIS

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INTRODUCING WEST AFRICA

The New West Africa. Edited by BASIL DAVIDSON and ADENEKAN ADEMOLA. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

Two or three years ago a young anthropologist from University College, London; returned to his native Nigeria to pursue his research. Soon elections were held under the new constitution and the anthropologist found himself a Minister in Nigeria's Central Government. As a Minister without Portfolio he was quick to see the importance of economic planning, so when in the summer of 1952 he visited England he took the opportunity of seeking some information on the British planning mechanism. A meeting of members and others was held at the House of Commons. Conservatives and Labour men alike flippantly warned the Minister that Britain was awfully sorry but she had found from experience that Planning was Impossible and that it is a word with unfortunate associations which a serious politician should eschew. Nobody told him of the proliferation of Whitehall committees, of the strict control over investment, of the relationship between the State and central economic corporations (of which Nigeria has several), of the means used to damp down consumption. Nobody even mentioned that Britain has a budget. One cannot force the future into a mould, they said.

Now this was rather odd because Nigeria, as well as the Gold Coast, both likes and is used to planning. Not only are the eight West African Marketing Boards (which are the sole purchasers of all the main kinds of agricultural produce for export) among the most comprehensive and rigid pieces of planning in the Commonwealth, but it is a fact that if Mr. Nkrumah were granted self-government tomorrow he would tighten, not loosen, the hold of the Gold Coast Cocoa Marketing Board. There is a lot of other planning too, much of it very ramshackle, and there will be more if Development (a word which from the nationalist's viewpoint should be roughly equated with Socialism in Europe) proceeds as it should. But very few people in Britain outside Whitehall know about all this or have the imagination to understand the relevance of their own experience.

This book is intended to be a historical, economic and political introduction to Nigeria and the Gold Coast for the intelligent English reader. Much its best chapter is by Thomas Hodgkin, who knows British as well as French West Africa very well. Mr. Hodgkin is mainly concerned with the nature of nationalism which, he says, is compounded of:

> The demand for constitutional reform, and the transfer of political power; opposition to the economic power of the extra-territorial firms; opposition to the spiritual power of the Missions; the movement to strengthen the position of the commoners as against that of the chief; the re-awakening of interest in national culture and history; the protest against poverty and the demand for improvements in the standard of life.

But whereas ten years ago nationalists were mainly preoccupied with political and constitutional questions, now, as Mr. Hodgkin says, their economic attitude is just as important. So long as English Socialists fail to grasp this economic attitude, so long will shameful meetings like that in the House of Commons go on occurring.

Unfortunately Mr. Henry Collins, the writer of the economic chapter, appears to have no knowledge at all of the West African economic attitude—so much so that his contribution is like a deep wound in an otherwise rather good book. Presumably because the Marketing Boards were originally a British idea and were the West African successors of a war-time Board run from London, Mr. Collins regards them as devices by which some of the "burden of rearmament is shifted on to the backs of the West African peoples." He asserts that they are the target of much criticism in West Africa; he implies throughout that their general policy is determined by "the British" who are resolved to pile up sterling balances (on p. 121 he goes so far as to use the word "forced loan"); he thinks they are not under the control, whatever this may mean, "of the West African people"; he even believes that opposition to the Boards has given nationalism much of its impetus.

The facts are otherwise. All recent experience shows that African nationalists are even more inclined than expatriates to keep down the prices paid to farmers for their export produce. The Gold Coast Cocoa Marketing Board which is dominated by Africans—and by party-political Africans at that—is now following the most conservative policy of all the Boards. Development-minded nationalists regard the West African Boards' vast reserves of more than £150 m. as capital which should not be frittered away in price maintenance (as originally intended) but should be devoted to public investment instead. From the existence of these reserves, which looked at from the other side of the sheet are sterling balances, nationalism derives much of its strength. In the last two years it would have been in the interest of Britain, as well as of the United Africa Company, if the farmers' prices had been higher (if the sterling balances had run down, Lancashire would have been the chief beneficiary). If the Colonial Office had had its way perhaps, for other reasons, those prices would have been higher, but the Colonial Office does not have (or really want to have) its way. And in so far as the British official in the Gold Coast has his way this is because he is as loyal a member of the Convention Peoples' Party as Mr. Nkrumah. There is, and has been, much to criticise about Marketing Board policy—the unwillingness of the Gold Coast Cocoa Marketing Board to contemplate raising the farmers' price to a level at which there might be any drain on its reserves of more than £70 m. is certainly disturbing, as is the undue docility of the farmers and the loans policy of the Board's subsidiary, the Cocoa Purchasing Company—but no analysis starting from the assumption that the Boards are a new-fangled form of exploitation by Britain will get anywhere at all.

Mr. le Gros Clark makes some good points in his chapter on the conditions of technical progress. Anyone who has seen a Gambian woman farmer bent double in a swamp for ten hours on end transplanting rice will agree that exerting oneself "strenuously and to a purpose" is an alternative to being lethargic and easy-going. It is right that someone should doubt whether "African communities in their present state of health are capable of raising production per man." And although there is humour as well as truth in the idea that "nowadays the African often has a very shrewd idea of what the anthropologist would like him to say," it is worth realising that, despite the Nigerian Minister, the short-term nationalistic and the long-term anthropological approaches have nothing in common. Finally there is Mr. Amanke Okafor's useful chapter on West Africa which is rather polemical: once independence is achieved—

> It will be possible for West Africans to collect the materials about their country, now scattered in various European countries and elsewhere; to unearth the evidence of their past which now lies buried in their soil; and, combining these with popular tradition, properly to reconstruct the true history of the West African peoples.

POLLY HILL

THE POPE'S DAUGHTER

The Life and Times of Lucrezia Borgia. By MARIA BELLONCI. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25s.

Three generations have been accustomed to see Lucrezia Borgia through the eyes of Gregorovius—absolved from the worst crimes once charged against her, negative in her character as in her sins. She had no chance to make her own life or even form a will of her own. She did what she was told—by her father, massive, voluble and sanguine, who would have left a better fame behind, said a contemporary, if he had loved his children less dearly; or by her more terrible and inhuman brother, who loved no one but himself, and yet had a certain magic to charm men to his side. She remained cold, unmoved and obedient.

This will not do for Maria Bellonci. Her book on Lucrezia Borgia, published in Italy in 1939, has enjoyed great success there, and now appears in an official abridged translation. Gregorovius did not understand Lucrezia, she tells us, because he was "psychologically slow-witted." No one is likely to level this reproach at Signora Bellonci. She does not claim any exaggerated part for Lucrezia Borgia in the political turmoil of her day. She has set herself, instead, to portray her as a woman, warm and human in her qualities and her failings. And she has, remarkably, succeeded; her Lucrezia lives, her actions take on the internal consistency and logic which distinguish a well-realised character in fiction. Not that this is fiction. It is romantic history, romantic in the sense that its theme is the theme of romance, the story of a woman's heart.

Signora Bellonci is fully at home with the historical sources, and she uses them with fairness; it is generally clear where the evidence of documents ends, and the reconstruction of emotions and events in the light of a personal interpretation of character begins. Indeed, the reader who has no experience of the astonishing wealth of gossip and trivial record which the letter-writers of the Renaissance left behind may well be inclined to set down more to the author's imagination than in fact springs from it. But there must be some exercise of imagination to interpret the heart. Signora Bellonci describes her heroine as "the only Borgia who saved herself," and builds up with more than a touch of feminine intuition her portrait of the Pope's daughter, growing to womanhood amid the equivocal glories of her acknowledged status, groping her way tentatively through fear, temptation and tragedy towards her own fulfilment; bound to submit to the will of others, but learning to temper submission with a moderate indulgence of her own will. The security and love she most needed came intermittently, and never for long. But her upbringing at the centre of the Church, for all its incongruities, stood her

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in good stead, and she found a growing peace, of a kind, in the convents to which she retired for shelter in the crises of her life. No doubt it was here that Lucrezia saved herself.

This is a consistent and persuasive picture of a woman's emotional life. Is it the real Lucrezia Borgia? There is too much guesswork, too much depends on ambiguous evidence, for an answer to be given with any confidence. So it is fortunate that an answer does not seem particularly urgent. Signora Bellonci has deliberately addressed herself to a wide audience, and if this is not the highest form of popularisation, the fault lies less in the method than in the themes, which are chosen and developed apparently for their entertainment value. In spite of the critical paraphernalia, therefore, it would be a mistake to apply too serious a standard to this book. Signora Bellonci reinterprets the Borgias and their age in terms of values with which the mid-twentieth century can feel at home. "The times," the background into which she has woven the life of Lucrezia, reflect her heroine's interests. Dresses and jewels, cavalcades and ceremonies, plays and dancing, love and crime are here in rich and authentic abundance. It is a splendid and enjoyable historical romp. Mr. Bernard Wall has caught with great skill, in his translation, the vivid quality and spirit of the original, at the cost of introducing some minor errors of fact. It should give pleasure to all those who like their history to be lively and not too serious.

D. M. BUENO DE MESQUITA

DETECTION AND THRILLERS

A Pocket Full of Rye. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Unknown Quantity. By M. G. EBERHART. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Death at the Cascades. By BERNARD J. FARMER. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Murder for the Million. By ROBERT CHAPMAN. *Werner Laurie.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Natural Causes. By HENRY CECIL. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Detection Unlimited. By GEORGETTE HEYER. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Long Good-Bye. By RAYMOND CHANDLER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Gingerbread Man. By RICHARD PARKER. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In the last sentence of Mrs. Christie's latest riddle Miss Marple is left hugging "the triumph some specialist might feel who has successfully reconstructed an extinct animal from a fragment of jawbone and a couple of teeth." It is only kind to warn any readers who like to read the last sentence of a detective story before the first (and there are many such) that if they tackle the problem on this simple hypothesis they will find a Piltdown skull on their hands. *A Pocket Full of Rye* will inevitably raise the old jackpot question: Does Mrs. Christie play fair? As the title suggests, after an unscrupulous financier drops dead in his office with a few grains of corn in his pocket, we must expect the blackbirds baked in the pie and the dickey-bird to peck off a nose. (Whatever other rules Mrs. Christie may break, she clings faithfully to the text of her nursery rhymes.) It would not be safe to give further details of the plot which can be guaranteed fool-proof. For the very reason that it is a masterpiece of cunning, *A Pocket Full of Rye* will outrage many of those whom it cruelly bamboozles. But before they squeal, let me advise them to turn back to an early page, where they will find one of those deliciously ambivalent sentences that Mrs. Christie so thoughtfully inserts for those with eyes to see and wits to comprehend.

In her own less strenuous field of the emotions Mrs. Eberhart can be as misleading as Mrs. Christie in the severe realm of intelligence. Why on earth, in *The Unknown Quantity*, does a rich oil magnate arrange for a young man of similar appearance to impersonate him for a week, considering he has a pretty wife who is also to be involved in the deception? That sort of arrangement is bound to lead to trouble. And so it does: murder after murder after murder, generally near a lake, in heavy rain, and after dark, three of Mrs. Eberhart's favourite appurtenances for summoning up her atmosphere of suspense. The plot has a surprising twist in it but I dare venture to say no more than that the oil magnate's reason turns out to be quite good enough.

A real policeman writing a detective story is enough of a novelty to deserve some attention. In *Death at the Cascades*, wherein a young woman is strangled on the outskirts of a provincial town, Mr. Farmer exhibits his familiarity with police routine to good effect, without romanticising the force. It is a relief to find policemen not *ex officio* hard-working saints but indistinguishable from the ruck of miserable sinners surrounding them. Unfortunately Mr. Farmer is almost too true to life for our fictional requirements: there is a stodginess about police methods of solving crime that precludes excitement.

Mr. Chapman too draws on his specialised knowledge for his plots: his detective hero Rex Banner is a reporter like himself. *Murder for the Million* is a trunk murder with a difference; the elderly woman whose body the trunk contains had died of natural causes. What is she doing in the left luggage office? Mr. Chapman has an ingenious notion and a fertile imagination; but a little more plausibility would not come amiss. Rex Banner's hunches are infallible and he can always rely on providence to supply the clues. Such fortuitous success wins little respect. "The boys" from Fleet Street, buzzing in the background, are the only characters one would be pleased to meet again.

Fleet Street recurs in *Natural Causes*, a well-written, disappointing book which begins with a fine flourish and fizzles out like the proverbial damp squib. The story opens with one of our almighty newspaper proprietors embarking on a personal vendetta against a High Court judge—a case of irresistible force meeting an immovable object. So far, excellent. Then a third party pokes his nose in with a view to blackmail, and the plot, far from thickening, gets thinner and thinner. Mr. Cecil seems unable to decide whether it is farce or detection he is engaged on. I recommend the book for its early chapters but readers must brace themselves against later discouragement.

Miss Heyer's return to detection rouses high hopes. (We have been kept waiting a long time for a worthy successor to *Death in the Stocks*.) Alas, *Detection Unlimited*, although it contains every condiment that could be desired—a delightful English village setting, a great range of shrewdly observed characters, amusing dialogue and the inimitable partnership of Chief Inspector Hemingway and Inspector Harbottle doing the research—yet lacks the one basic ingredient of a reasonable crime. Miss Heyer's plot is a fair golliwog, with loose ends streaming in all directions and never a one neatly patted into place. Yet the book is extremely pleasant to read provided you leave Hemingway to pick his way through the muddle by himself.

Mr. Chandler's style by now can be regarded as fixed: he has published no new work for the last four years, but *The Long Good-Bye* shows that nothing has happened in the interim to modify his evangelical outlook on life. Here comes Philip Marlowe again, crusading along the Californian coast against venal cops, corrupt politicians, ugly gangsters, and self-indulgent women, in fact the entire mammon of unrighteousness. "We are a big, rough, rich, wild people and crime is the price we pay for it." And all the reward Marlowe ever receives for his services is an occasional drink, an occasional woman, a succession of physical injuries and an addition to his embittered memories. He is a very remarkable creation: the perpetually crucified redeemer of all our modern sins. In *The Long Good-Bye* there is one jarring note of sentimentality; but Mr. Chandler's language has lost none of its impetus, the rhythm of his prose is superb, and the intensity of feeling he packs into

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his pages makes every other thriller-writer look utterly silly and superficial.

Mr. Parker's thriller conforms to the milder English pattern and is written in a gentler idiom. In *The Gingerbread Man* blackmarket crooks try to silence an inconveniently well-informed newspaper man by waylaying him and his family when on holiday in Scotland. A plucky wife and four bewildered children confuse the proceedings, but not for long; and an exciting chase leads to a sticky end for the villain. The formula is hackneyed; but Mr. Parker writes well enough to work up a continuous feeling of excitement.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

FORTY CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF A HERO

Churchill: By His Contemporaries. Edited by CHARLES EADE. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Sir Winston Churchill's skills, the multitude of high transactions in which he has been involved—how easily, on this subject, one slips into eighteenth-century diction!—make him the most strenuous theme for a modern biographer. It is easier to split him into his component parts like the atom, and this is what Mr. Eade and his contributors have done. Taking a hint from the reviewer of Sir Winston's own *Great Contemporaries*, who wrote that "Mr. Churchill gleams back at us from twenty-five looking-glasses," the editor displays his subject in some forty roles—as Parliamentarian, Broadcaster, War Correspondent, Historian, Ally in War, and Hated Enemy (the last consists entirely of extracts from Hitler's speeches). Mr. Shinwell discusses him as a political opponent, Mr. George Isaacs describes his relations with the T.U.C., Lord Simon recounts his career as a Liberal, Sir Gerald Woods Woolaston reminisces as a fellow-Harrovian. Other specialists—they include President Eisenhower and M. Reynaud—descant on Sir Winston in relation to France, the Empire, racing, humour, the Navy, science and the R.A.F. The late C. E. M. Joad analyses his philosophy and decides, without great difficulty, that it is *par excellence* that of the man of action.

Needless to say, there is a certain amount of overlapping and a great deal of pious platitude, in the course of which Sir Norman Birkett loses a golden opportunity to discuss Churchill the orator. Some of the contributors grow scatter-brained in their enthusiasm and Mr. Colin Coote so far forgets himself as to attribute the famous sneer about the Holy Roman Empire to Lord Bryce! (page 180). But what one looks for in a book of this kind are anecdotes and we find most of them embedded in three contributions: those of Churchill's wartime secretary, his body-guard and a journalist who worked with him on the *British Gazette* during the General Strike. (It is typical of the spirit of *pietas* in which the book is couched that no one mentions the fact that Baldwin made Churchill an editor to keep him out of mischief.) Sir Compton Mackenzie supplies a witty précis of Churchill's one and only novel, *Savrola*, and Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, estimating the Biographer and Historian, delights us with a quotation from it that reads like the purest Disraeli:

> "Would you rise in the world?" said Savrola. "You must work while others amuse themselves. Are you desirous of a reputation for courage? You must risk your life. Would you be strong morally or physically? You must resist temptation. All this is paying in advance; that is prospective finance. Observe the other side of the picture, the bad things are paid for afterwards."

But perhaps the strangest thing in this book is a reprinted newspaper article, "The Youngest Man in Europe," which G. W. Steevens, the *Daily Mail* correspondent, wrote after sailing home with Churchill from the Sudan in 1898. In the course of his astonishing prediction, Steevens remarked that the young subaltern of Hussars "has the twentieth century in his marrow." And he went on:

> What he will become, who shall say? At the rate he goes there will hardly be room for him in Parliament at thirty or in England at forty. It is a pace that cannot last yet already he holds a vast lead of his contemporaries. Meanwhile he is a wonder—a boy with a man's ambitions and—more wonderful yet—a very mature man's self-appreciation—knowledge of his own powers and the extent to which each may be applied to set him forward on his road.

JOHN RAYMOND

THE BOY IN THE PRAIRIE TOWN

Always the Young Strangers. By CARL SANDBURG. *Cape.* 25*s.*

Galesburg, Illinois, was very much like a score of other county towns which grew up after the Civil War on the Mid-West prairies. It had some small industries; it had its own newspaper, two small colleges, and the B. & Q. railroad linked it to Chicago. It was, in fact, a Middletown. Most of its citizens were comparatively recent settlers. The older people remembered listening to Lincoln and Douglas debating on the Knox College campus on a cold afternoon in 1858, but there were many who, like Carl Sandburg's parents, were immigrants. And much of the fascination of this charming account of Mr. Sandburg's childhood, stems from his awareness of the subtle influences that lifted him out of his Swedish home and translated him into an American boy.

This is a long and intricate essay in autobiography. Mr. Sandburg's skill in evoking atmosphere has given us a most sensitive and engaging picture of what it was like to grow up in the America of William Jennings Bryan and the Full Dinner Pail. For the Sandburg family, as a matter of fact, life was not easy; though the writer's father, who was a blacksmith in the railroad shops, had steady employment, the family let rooms and in hard times relied on the earnings of the children. Some of Sandburg's stories about his early work—the newspaper and the milk rounds, cutting and stacking ice, the shoe-shine boy in the barbershop—have a vivid insight into the adolescent's vision of the world. So too have his accounts of town politics, local scandals, and the subtle social relationships which tie a community of twenty thousand people together. What makes this book so pleasing is the fairness with which Sandburg states his recollections of childhood. There is no cheating by the adult who has peeped at the end of the story; he describes life exactly from the standpoint of the child growing up, not of the adult looking back. For this reason, these memoirs are not written with a strict chronology. They deal rather with themes and problems, and in this way the reader finds it much easier to piece together the jigsaw of personality.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Chancellor Thurlow. By ROBERT GORE-BROWNE *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

This book sets out to "resurrect" Thurlow and "bring the century to life" by "free quotation from contemporary sources." Unfortunately it only succeeds in burying both under a mass of rubbish extracted from periodicals, anonymous pamphlets, collections of political verses and similar repositories of literary garbage. Whole chapters are devoted to the fruits of rummaging in these dust heaps for scandalous details of Thurlow's private life, enlivened by such comments as:

> Throughout history there are women who get and hold their men. Helen of Troy was one. Polly Humphreys was another. They may have been much alike—physically and temperamentally.

No less fatuous is the handling of Thurlow's public career, as exemplified by the following comments on its conclusion:

> The voice of gratitude is, Thomas Gray notices, still and small. "Put not your trust in Princes," said the Psalmist, adding with foresight, "Or in any child of man." Have not the democracies in their treatment of their war heroes Clemenceau, Smuts and Churchill, shown an ingratitude at least the equal of any royal realism?

The result is a work which, like most eighteenth-century historical biographies, is neither valuable nor readable and can only be regarded as a conspicuous example of misdirected energy on the part of all concerned in its production.

Our Advancing Years. By TREVOR HOWELL. *Phoenix House.* 16*s.*

The steady growth in the number of old people in the world presents an urgent challenge to society. It raises problems of far-reaching financial and economic importance, the solution of which must entail considerable changes in the pattern of employment of both skilled and unskilled workers in every field of human endeavour. At the same time the development of active medical and remedial treatment of the ills peculiar to old age, as opposed to the custodial care of the early part of the century, has entirely changed the picture of the activities possible to those over sixty. We may live little longer than our fathers, but we can certainly hope for a more active and productive life in our later years. The social accounting made possible by the National Health Service may well show an increasing productivity, due to the contributions of the old, to set off against the cost of the social services.

In *Our Advancing Years* Dr. Trevor Howell writes sympathetically and simply of the "Old Folk," their problems, and the social services such as "meals on wheels" available to help them in this country. His book is for the general fireside reader; it is illustrated by case reports, snatches of poetry, photographs of individuals such as Bertrand Russell, and of almshouses. It gives little idea of the urgent need for the skilled collection and analysis of facts—for instance, about the occupations of the over-60's, the reasons for retirement, the employability of older men and women—nor of the excitement that lies behind the pioneer work being done in isolated geriatric units and University departments.

Mistral. By ROB LYLE. *Bowes & Bowes.* 6*s.*

Mistral was the poet of the Provençal revival which dates from the founding of the *Felibrige* almost exactly a century ago. Unlike the other European literary revivals, from Hungarian to Irish, it touched no nationalistic nerve. The South of France has never really desired separation from the North, in spite of some vaguely-sketched federalist claims in the Nineties. Lacking a political stiffening, modern

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Provençal has almost sunk back to the patois level from which the *Felibrige* took it.

Mr. Lyle has adopted the nostalgic approach which this implies. One would have preferred a brisker assessment of Mistral's place as a European poet, but this short study goes instead for colour and accepts whole-heartedly the mystique of the ancient "Latin" south which turns rather too easily into a mystique of Throne and Altar. This, of course, was the version of Mistral's disciple Maurras, and it leads Mr. Lyle into over-frequent asides on the rottenness of democratic materialism. It also results in a sympathetic but uncritical outline of Mistral's life and his main poems, with translations giving good samples of their flavour. These poems, however, should have been "sources" for descendants who never arrived. Isolated, they appear overloaded with description. The all-important mythical element fails to spark and remains literary folklore. The Provence-lover today *may* go direct to Mistral in the language he worked so devotedly to reinstate. But he is more likely to be content with French-language novelists like Bosco or Giono, who have renewed the thrill in more familiar terms.

Everyman's Dictionary of Shakespeare Quotations. By D. C. BROWNING. *Dent.* 15*s.*

A concordance is incomparably the most useful present which a student of Shakespeare can receive, since it enables him to perform two radical operations: tracing any phrase, however fragmentary or in itself undistinguished, to its context; and pursuing Shakespeare's use of any word—and hence in effect of any image or concept—through the corpus of his work at will. But a concordance is costly and clumsy, and perhaps its main appeal is to the professional. Mr. Browning's comparatively inexpensive volume is both a judiciously conceived substitute, making possible the ready running to earth of anything remotely resembling an authentic "quotation," and an anthology of some interest in its own right. The quotations, ranging from bare exclamations (O brave monster!) to what are virtually whole scenes from *Hamlet*, and presented to us simply as doggedly excerpted scene by scene and play by play, cast a strong emphasis upon the pithy, the pregnant and the gnomic in Shakespeare. It is an aspect of his genius which contemporary criticism perhaps a little neglects.

The Record Year 2. By E. SACKVILLE WEST and D. SHAWE-TAYLOR. *Collins.* 18*s.*

The World's Encyclopædia of Recorded Music. By F. F. CLOUGH and G. J. CUMING. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 50*s.*

This second supplementary volume, in which Mr. Sackville West and Mr. Shawe Taylor discuss the year's crop of gramophone records and also provide a complete guide to long-playing, now appears as a younger relation of *The Record Year*; the full revision of *The Record Guide*, which the authors "rashly forecast" in their first supplement, has been postponed indefinitely until record production outgrows its present transitional phase. While it is still hard to foretell the future of SPs, and LPs (often duplicates, or even triplicates of the same work) follow one another so fast, it does indeed seem the only sensible course. There can be no complaint about niggardliness, for the new book is as distinguished for accuracy and wit as its predecessors. Clearly, as the output of records increases, it becomes more and more difficult to give a concise yet scrupulously fair criticism of each new interpretation; and one of the most striking points about *Record Year* 2 is the way in which this difficulty has been overcome.

Perhaps the authors have pampered their audience by making connoisseurship appear almost too easy. It is with a distinct sense of shock that one opens *The World's Encyclopædia of Recorded Music*, also a work of collaboration and also at the stage of having reached its second supplement, but otherwise how different from *The Record Year*. As the title implies, it covers a far wider field—it aims to be a comprehensive catalogue, and not a work of art. We realise then our full debt of gratitude to Mr. Sackville West and Mr. Shawe-Taylor, who map the unexplored and point out our way by the stars.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,246

Set by T. St. George

It has been suggested that feats of valour or endurance on the battlefields of the arts might be commemorated by an enlightened government. Prizes are offered for four such citations (from the present or the past) naming the medal and the recipient, and briefly describing the deed. Suggested instances might be the reviewing of a Sitwell, the unmasking of a Borgia, intervention in the Political Prisoner controversy (or the Whistler/Wilde or Belloc/Wells engagements), or merely long and faithful service on the walls of Burlington House. The whole should not exceed 200 words. Entries by January 19.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,243

Set by John Pomfret

When balloon ascents became a popular spectacle, at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, they were utilised also as a *New and Easy Method of Teaching the Alphabet*. But this purpose could only be achieved by dragging in the "Unaccustomed character of such Ventures, the doubtful Wisdoms of these lofty journeys," and the strained reflection that "Xerxes himself was surely less Zealous to ascend so high." Competitors are asked to illustrate, on the same lines, some half a dozen to a dozen letters in the sequence of the Alphabet, "utilising" the atom bomb, television or penicillin.

Report by John Pomfret

Most entries strayed far beyond the half-dozen to a dozen illustrations required, though few, like Equus, ran the whole alphabetical gamut. Introducing his Plain Man's Account of "the process undergone by the Uranium in an Atomic Bomb on bombardment by neutrons," he wrote casuistically: "I should like to point out that this effort on the whole alphabet may quite happily be considered as several efforts of the correct length, if necessary." Though few competitors fought shy of the end of the series, too many had the same banal ideas about what to do with "X" and "Z". One grew tired of "Xantrippe," "Xenophobia" and "Zealots," also hardened towards the obviously recondite—"Xanthocroic," "Xerophthalmia" or "Zoogyroscope." The broad tendency was to hymn penicillin, fence with the atom bomb and deprecate TV.

First prize of two guineas to Terence Melican, a guinea to Edward Blishen, and half a guinea each to Geoffrey Coleby and Eric Swainson.

THE ATOM BOMB

A is for Atom. We find, when it splits,
It blows all our horrid opponents to bits.
B is for Baruch—the name of a Plan.
Though it isn't quite finished, it never began.
C is for Cobalt—a dangerous stuff,
Of which some people think we have more than enough.
D's for Damnation—a by-product only,
And since we all share it we're none of us lonely.
E is for Energy. Einstein's equation
Shows the Speed of Light squared times the Mass is our ration.
F is for Fission—which when nuclei suffer
Their behaviour becomes quite perceptibly rougher.
G's for Ground Zero. You'll find under Z
No nutshell contains anything that we've said.
Z is for Zero—the point on the ground
Where the bomb's vanished centre is both lost and found!

TERENCE MELICAN

Atom bombs have now largely replaced Bows and arrows, Cutlasses, Daggers, Early fowling-pieces, Flintlocks, Gunpowder, Howitzers, Ink-pellets, Javelins, Knobkerries, Lances, Muskets, Knuckle-dusters, Old blunderbusses, Pikes, Quaint weapons such as the kris, the kukri and the claymore, Revolvers, Snickersnees, Truncheons, Ugly words, Venom-tipped darts, Whips, Xanthippish behaviour, Yataghans and Zeppelins as a means of ultimate persuasion by the most highly civilised nations.

ERIC SWAINSON

PENICILLIN

Who does not feel intellectual Excitement when considering that from a Fungus we extract the enemy of Gangrene! The Health of man is made dependent on the Illness of matter! It is as though a Jemmy were used to Keep the Law! Thus does Medicine make malicious Nature perform good deeds even in the midst of her Onanism!

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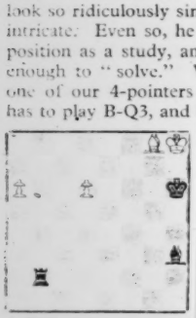
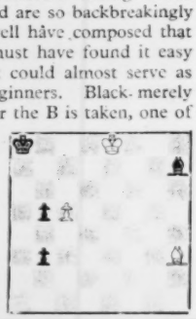
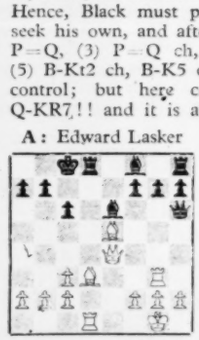
We have seen frequent evidence of how the fact of a game position may inspire the fiction in a study-composer's mind ; and conversely, how the timely memory of a study or problem may give a player the germ of a combinative idea. But it must be a rare event for a famous composer to be confronted with a game position he may well consider a ready-made study. It happened—so I hear from Dr. Gyorgy Paros of Budapest, that loyal old friend of the column—when N. D. Grigoriev, playing Black against Nenarokov in a 1938 Moscow match game, found himself in this position. Now Grigoriev, of course, is the world's greatest expert in those sparsely populated P-endings which look so ridiculously simple and are so backbreakingly intricate. Even so, he may well have composed that position as a study, and he must have found it easy enough to "solve." Why, it could almost serve as one of our 4-pointers for beginners. Black merely has to play B-Q3, and however the B is taken, one of the Pawns will advance. This is the famous "Novotny" theme, known to every problemist and used over and over again, such as in a 1906 Rinck classic (Diagr. on L.). In one of our competitions this might rank as a slightly overrated 6-pointer, and those readers who never dare to aim that high may now see how easy it really is, provided one tries to look for the basic idea rather than shift the pieces about. Well, it happens to be the very same idea. First the RP advances, forcing B-Kt7 ; then the QP gets a move on and has to be stopped by R-Q7. Thereafter B-Q5 puts Black in the same old quandary : no matter how the B is captured, one of the pawns will come through. Diagr. on R., composed by the great Troitzky in 1927, is one of the most brilliant (and rather more intricate) illustrations of a similar idea. Note how, after (1) P-B6 Black cannot stop the P by B-K5, since after (2) P-B7, B-Kt2 the B will be pinned by (3) B-Kt2. Hence, Black must permit White's promotion and seek his own, and after (1) P-B6, P-Kt7, (2) P-B7, P=Q, (3) P=Q ch, K-R2, (4) Q-B7 ch, K-R1, (5) B-Kt2 ch, B-K5 everything seems nicely under control; but here comes White's shattering (6) Q-KR7!! and it is all over.



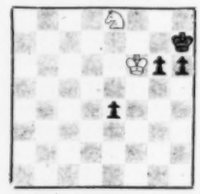


A : Edward Lasker



I could easily fill this week's competition (and many others) with illustrations of the same theme ; but I had better change the subject and seek entirely different pastures. The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position decided by one truly smashing move of White's ; how ? **B** is a draw, and it may be underrated with 6 ladder-points, but for the helpful (if somewhat obvious) hint that there is a perpetual check. This instructive little study was paid a handsome tribute by the great Kubbel, and we might as well conclude with one of his own, quite a beauty and well worth 7 points. White is to win.

B : A. S. Selesniev
1930



C : Leonid Kubbel
1922

Usual prizes. Entries by January 18.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 19

A : (1) . . . P-Q5, (2) R-Q1, P-Kt3 ! followed by Q-check on long diagonal, etc.

B : (1) B-B5 ! P x B, (2) K-B5, P-B3, (3) K-Q6, R-Kt1, (4) K-K6, K-B1, (5) K x P (16), etc.

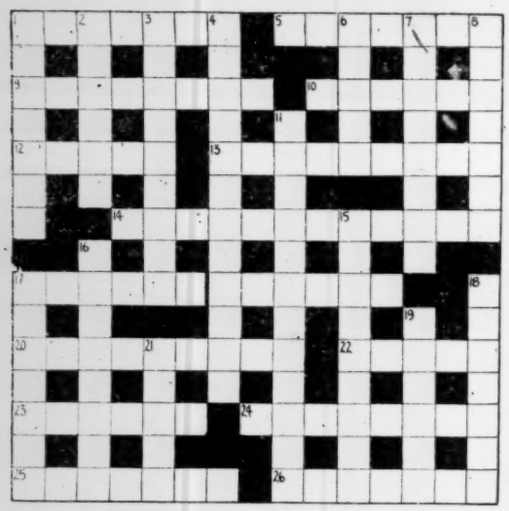
C : (1) Q-B4 ch, K-K1, (2) B-R2 ch, P-B5, (3) K-Q3 ch, K-B4, (4) Q-B7 ch, B-B3, (5) R-R5 ch, B-Kt4 ch, (6) P-B4, P x Pe.p. mate.

Too many correct solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by R. Chandra, R. C. Chaturvedi, C. R. Hattersley, R. Russell. Morse's sui-mate got many (merited) bouquets from his fellow-competitors. As I'll be abroad again from mid-Jan. to mid-Feb., resumption of *Non-Londoners v. Londoners* will have to wait. While I am abroad entries must reach the office by Monday to be forwarded in time.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 82

Prizes : Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 82, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 19th Jan.



ACROSS

1. Worry about party talent (7).
5. Having workers nourished by the return of rich food (7).
9. Way in for transport (8).
10. Lust has its centre in the same place (6).
12. The courage to fail (5).
13. Banish the ingredients of alien time (9).
14. I hire parsons for a scattered flock (12).
17. Repeated expedients to produce extra work ? (6, 6).
20. Making about a minute for burning (9).
22. Scale starting with C (5).
23. "May one be pardon'd and —— the offence ? " (*Hamlet*) (6).
24. Plant useful for addressing a channel-swimmer ? (8).
25. Islander who is a cross between two members of our race (7).
26. Be incredulous and perhaps upset science (7).

DOWN

1. It is less costly for the man in the escapade (7).
2. Made light music ; it is the acid test (6).
3. Vote against a high scorer on the table (9).
4. A minister who is only half a minister (12).
6. The excuse would be first-class if there were no party (5).
7. Weekday means of entry for parts of the Royal Navy (8).
8. Herds like Hugh (7).
11. Put a single thing right and you will have good singers (12).
15. They provide aids for seers (9).
16. A town which is free from consumption by the sound of it (8).
17. The M.O. cured a collapse of this standard of decency (7).
18. For entertainment put a whip round the naked (7).
19. Make holes in a problem (6).
21. With a cricket team Russell, for one, makes this proposition (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 80

C	O	C	K	T	A	I	L	■	I	M	P	O	R	T
A	■	O	■	U	■	N	■	D	■	U	■	W	■	E
P	O	L	A	R	■	D	R	E	S	S	I	N	G	S
S	■	O	■	N	■	I	■	S	■	T	■	E	■	T
■	M	U	S	I	C	A	L	■	C	H	A	I	R	S
D	■	R	■	P	■	■	■	R	■	N	■	■	■	A
R	U	B	S	■	R	I	D	I	N	G	H	O	O	D
I	■	A	■	N	■	B	■	■	U	■	O	■	■	■
F	O	R	M	M	A	S	T	E	R	■	S	T	I	R
T	■	■	A	■	P	■	■	N	■	E	■	■	■	E
■	S	A	N	D	W	I	C	H	B	O	A	R	D	■
C	■	N	■	E	■	R	■	O	■	W	■	M	■	W
R	E	C	E	I	V	E	R	S	■	E	R	O	D	E
I	■	O	■	R	■	D	■	T	■	L	■	S	■	N
B	A	N	T	A	M	■	I	S	O	L	A	T	E	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 80

Mrs. A. A. Woodend (Lisburn, N. Ireland), A. M. & B. E. Tait (Ashford, Middx.), Mrs. A. Priestman (Penrith).

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

WELCOMBE Hotel, Stratford-upon-Avon. An elegant hotel with 40 acres of grounds which once belonged to Shakespeare. Open during winter. Welcombe exudes the peaceful air of an older England. The Resident Manager will attend to your requirements personally.

CONVALESCENCE? (Breakfast in Bed); Winter Holiday? "Britain's Best Climate." (town claim). Informative brochures free (21 illus.). Full Board 4½/6½gns. incl. gratuities, early tea, heated bedroom (cent. htg. everywhere). Twin beds: Slumberlands. No lift. Kindly considerate people comment on happy atmosphere at Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards, Sussex. Opposite covered walk; nr. orchestra.

BUCKS. The "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Ideal for a winter break. Tel. 516.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses —The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d., from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

MANOR House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, Devon. A first-class Hotel with 18-hole golf course adjoining, set amidst scenic splendour of Glorious Devon and enjoying its coveted winter sunshine. The Resident Manager will be happy to give details.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead. At Kathleen Batten's comfortable hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest you can have whatever kind of holiday you want. There is freedom, peace or stimulating talk in the Club if you want to join in. Sharpthorne 17.

TREGENNA Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall. For winter warmth and sunshine—gracious country house hotel standing above the fine old Cornish harbour with Mediterranean climate. The Resident Manager will be happy to give details.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.) St Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts.-Essex border, 27 miles London, offers ideal winter accommodation with good food, warmth, every comfort. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, near Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263).

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CONFERENCES and Holidays. New Centre. Spring Interior Beds. Good food. Delightful grounds. Pleasant country. Terms from 10s. 6d. daily. Apply Warden, "The Mount," Haverhill, Suffolk.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch. : "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

FARM Holidays, 1954 Farm Holiday Guide describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms; Pages of Pictures. 3s. 2d., post free. Farm Guide, 49 Broomlands St., Paisley.

COTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Reduced rates Oct. to June. Illustrated brochure : Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

FLEMINGS Restaurant, 307 Oxford St., W.1. Fully licensed. MAYfair 2705. Lunches 6s. 6d., 4s. 6d. à la carte; teas 2s.; suppers 4s. 6d. Also snack counters and tobacco kiosk Open 9 a.m.-8 p.m. Saturdays 6 p.m. Closed Sundays. Reservations for private parties to 10 p.m. Recently opened fully equipped Lodge Temple (for 110) and Chapter Room (for 45). Enquiries invited for vacant dates.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

SHORT Story Contributor to topflight magazines (Britain and Commonwealth), offers personal tuition. Alfred Ridgway, 148 Strand, W.C.2.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

SCHOOLS

WEST Hampstead Kindergarten for children aged 3 to 5. Opening mid-January. Progressive educational outlook. Principal: Mrs. M. Bardas. Assistant: Mrs. N. Hancock. Applications, in writing, to The Principal, 20 Menelik Rd., London, N.W.2, or by 'phone to the Secretary, HAMpstead 2395, between 9 & 11 a.m., Monday to Friday.

WINDRUSH School, 55 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3, has a few vacancies —children 3-16 years, for this term commencing January 5, 1954. Apply Secretary, PRI. 3039.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of Political Theory and Government. The appointment will date from October 1, 1954. Initial salary £1,700 per annum with superannuation and family allowances. Full particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by Monday, February 15, 1954.

CHILD Care. London County Council requires a temporary Staff Tutor (woman) to assist in arranging and co-ordinating the teaching to be given in a course of training for up to 25 experienced staff selected to qualify for the Certificate of the Central Training Council in Child Care in the Residential Care of Children (Home Office). The Staff Tutor will be required to undertake lecturing in one subject, relating to the residential care of children, preferably child study, to arrange and supervise the work of students during term, to visit them during their practical work periods in children's homes and to follow and report on their progress throughout their training. The engagement will be for approx. one year from February, 1954, at a salary according to qualifications and experience within the scale £600-£750 a year. Application forms from Children's Officer (CH/Al), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by January 20, 1954. (2).

WORKERS' Educational Assocn., London District, requires part-time bookkeeper. One or two days a week or evenings. Might suit retired person. Please write to Secretary, W.E.A., 28 Woburn Sq., W.C.1, stating qualifications & salary reqd.

INSTRUCTOR in English (part-time) required by Correspondence School. Journalistic experience is a recommendation but not essential. Please write fully (in confidence) giving details of age, experience and qualifications to Box 4536.

PERSONAL Secretary, age 20-30 years, required by senior executive of well-known London commercial organization. 5-day week. Pension scheme. Please write stating education, experience, shorthand and typing speeds to Box 4394.

A YOUNG lady of good personality is offered progressive position promoting sales for a London Travel Agency. Previous exper. not necessary, but initiative, highest character references and an interest in meeting people essential. Box 4272.

THE Irving Theatre Club, Leicester Square, reqs. young person as Receptionist, with knowledge of poster-writing; salary £5. Also a part-time Box Office Assistant.

WANTED. Capable domestic help for elderly couple. Small modern house near London. Good salary. Box 4581.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

RELIABLE Junior Mistress in London until Feb. 10 would welcome temporary engagement. Excellent references. Box 4608.

UNUSUAL job with responsibilities sought by yng. lady with initiative. Sec. exp., French. Interested people, Arts. Box 4290.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

PERSONAL

HOME & reas. salary offered exchange light duties, sole charge boy (3) short hrs. 5 days weekly, Wimbledon. Box 4516.

FRENCH girl wishes to stay as a mother's help in Eng. family. R. Munet, 3 Ave. Léon Gourdault, Choisy-le-Roi (Seine).

YOUNG man, 24, writer, seeks part-time work, anything considered, preferably in London. Box 4399.

HOUSING Society (non-profit-making) invites applications for tenancies of several blocks of flats to be erected in the London area. Rents approx. £170-£300 per annum for 1-3 rooms plus k., b. & w.c., incl. of rates, heating & c.h.w. Loans to Society of £200-£350 probably required. Box 4386.

CULTURAL club fulfilling useful purpose in Central London urgently requires hire room weekday evenings. Can anyone help? Box 4357.

DRAMA. Experienced Adjudicator avail. adult/youth/school festivals. Box 4066.

SWEDEN: girl wanted domestic work lawyer's family, one child. Opportunity University studies. Reply Mrs. Grastlund, Skolg 12B, Upsala.

WIDOW, son 7, requires accommodation, exchange some help. Experienced housekeeping. suggestions considered. Box 4245.

FRENCH Riviera, near sea and mountains. Rooms in sunny villa, with cooking facilities, or bed and breakfast. Long or short periods, now or later, or whole villa (5 bedrooms) available August. Box 4371.

PERSONAL—continued

THE Founder of Toc H, "Tubby" Clayton, broadcasts on all B.B.C. Home Services Sunday next, Jan. 10, 8.25 p.m. Will you please listen and send your gift to him at Toc H, 47 Francis St., London, S.W.1.

WRITERS' MSS. wanted for purchase and £250 Cash Award Scheme. Details and entry form in current issue of "Now," for which send P.O. for 1s. 9d. to Monktons, 140 Salisbury Sq. House, E.C.4.

WINTER Sports and Sunshine: join an informal party to Obergurgl, Austria, January 29, February 12 or April 2. 3rd-Class Sleepers. Very pleasant hotel and good company; also other February, March and Easter Winter Sports arrangements. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia. A 14-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these Mediterranean Paradise islands on specially advantageous terms. Full board and accommodation from £43 10s. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise for £63 10s. Plan now. Write or 'phone for four exciting fully illustrated free brochures to Dept. C.S., Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., E.C.4. CITy 7163.

FOR best-ever value in Continental Holidays book Hotel-Plan this year! Write for our free 128-page programme containing such wonderful offers as: Spain 15 days from £32 19s. 6d.; Italy 10 days from £28 19s. 6d.; Paris 8 days from £13 19s. 6d. Also Cruises, Yacht Holidays & Coach Tours. Hotel-Plan Travel Bureau, 245 Regent St., W.1. Tel.: GRO. 8921.

CONTINENTAL Holidays not mass produced but arranged as you wish. Special two and three centre tours from £29 14; also 20 days North African Cruise from £68. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.1. WHI. 4114-5.

TWO of the finest Tours of Italy: (1) Florence, Assisi, Rome, Venice, Lake Garda, Milan. Train and luxury coach 16 days 59gns. (2) Nice, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Assisi, Rome, Naples, Capri. Air and luxury coach, 14 days, 79gns. Many others to tempt you in our free booklet. Allways Travel Service, 17, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436-7.

POPULARIS Holidays 1954, Summer Programme now ready. Winter Programme still available. Call, 'phone or write Popularis Tours (Dept. NSN), 6 Royal Arcade, Old Bond St. & Albemarle St., London, W.1. Tel. HYDe Park 1352-3. Bus No. 25.

FOUR-POWER Agreement at Last! The airlines of four nations have agreed that your winter holiday on the Riviera must cost you less and yet be more comfortable than ever before. Contours unite in one convenient booklet many Riviera holidays based on B.E.A., Air France, Swissair & Sabena services. Send now for your copy. Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel.: MUS. 8499.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A, Cavendish Sq., W.1. (LANgham 3626).

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sara Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. Maida Vale 4657.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee. 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PAINTING for beginners in oils. Serious informal classes once weekly. West End studio. Box 4313.

FREELANCE artists specialising in first-class figure work and wanting to increase their turnover under efficient direction of well-known firm of London Artists' Agents; should write Box 4126 when an immediate appointment for discussion will be arranged.

ONE-Act Play Competition (Tavistock Rep. Co.). Entries to be submitted by Jan. 31. Enqs. (with s.a.e.) to Canonbury Tower, Canonbury Place, N.1. (CAN. 5111 evgs.)

WATCH repairs by Qualified Experts. Send watch for free estimate. Osev. Jewellers, 6 Silver Crescent, London, W.4.

JOHN Lamming, Naturopath & Osteopath. 6 Upper Park Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 7062.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

JOHN Vickers is the photographer who specialises in Private or Professional portraits of those who usually face the camera with severe misgivings. An appointment is essntl. VIC 4915. 29.B Belgrave Rd. S.W.1.

MATHEMATICIAN coaches to open Scholarship level. 33 Nottingham Place, W.1. WEL. 8022.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

PERSONAL—continued

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HOLIDAYS the "En Famille" Way in Austria, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Holland. "To get the best out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living, new ways even of thinking." Spend your holidays abroad in the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family. Illus. Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

SEE Yugoslavia Ltd., the Experts in Tours and Travel to Yugoslavia. Escorted parties fortnightly. From May to October. Apply for 1954 Booklet to 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Tel. MUSeum 9351/2 or 50-51 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Tel. CHAncery 4627-8.

AT home or abroad C.H.A. will give you a wonderful holiday. Send for the attractive illustrated booklet describing 80 well-appointed centres. Excursions arranged, every comfort provided. Whether you go alone or with a party you will make many new friends. Charges are very reasonable. Book Early! C.H.A. (Dept. J), Birch Heys, Manchester, 14.

4 Adults, 4 children require s.c accom. by sea. August 7-21. Box 4392.

EXPORTERS! See Qualityprint under "Typing & Translations" heading.

UNHANDYMANISH though intelligent Londoners call "Facility," who repair, install, adapt, recondition, redecorate all mechanical and electrical appliances, furnishings, fitments, etc., in home, office or hotel. "Facility" gives prompt, guaranteed craftsman service, collects, delivers. Facility Repairs & Renovations, Ltd., 83/91 Little Albany St., N.W.1. EUS. 7211/3.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

BRING your Rags. We'll Weave you Rugs. Ring Miss Bowman. BAY. 8448.

GUITAR lessons. Technique/Theory/Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FRE. 8767.

HYPERTENSION relieved through new therapy. Relaxing and stimulating nerve treatment. Osteopathy, Massage, Manipulation. The Nerve Centre, 1, Bentinck St., London, W.1. Wel. 9600. Ask for brochure.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

HALL, licd., Leics. Sq. Meetings, Lectures, etc. 1½gns. evg. Whitehall 3678.

YOUR "Self" can make saleable MSS. No Sales-No Fees tuition. Free N2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations. Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Blunham House, Bedfordshire.

P.S. Special ski party Bretaye, Switzerland. 6,000ft., March 20-April 3. 28½gns. includes ski hire and lessons.

P.P.S. Enquire of Harold Ingham, 15 John's Road, Harrow. (Ask also for programme University Summer Schools abroad.)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Room & breakfast, 17s. 6d. daily.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2 (PAD. 8406), c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

YOUTH House invites applications for residence from either sex (ages 18-30). Single divan-rooms. International. Write Sec., 250 Camden Rd., London, N.W.1.

N.W.3. Fur. sgle. 40s./dble. 45s., h. & c. V. conv. Continental hse. PRI. 3560.

OXFORD graduate & wife offer large single room, light ckg. facils. 21gns. Quiet, congenial atmosphere. Hampstead 8109.

NR. Belsize Pk. Tube/buses, well-fur. b/s. rm., bath, ckg. fac., bfst., meals opt. PRI 2403 aft. 4, wkends. aft. 11 a.m.

WRITER (f.) wants responsible tenant for bed-sit. in Westminster flat. C.h.w., c.h. Use kit. 3gns. ABBey 7187.

WARWICK Avenue.-Homely room, quiet house. All conveniences; suitable for lady. 35s. CUN. 2519 after 6 p.m.

OWN accommodation in comfortable home offered to teacher or professional person willing assist with children mornings and evenings. Low rent in exchange services rendered. SPE. 3953 (evenings).

ACCOMMODATION—continued

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

INTERNATIONAL Students and Youth Hostel. B & B. 6s. 6d. nightly, 35s. wk. sharing. Apply Warden, 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. LAD. 3104 (Metro-Latimer Rd. Stn).

TWO attrac. furn. rooms, pleas. house, nr. Henly's Crnr. Ckg. facs., c.h.w. Use bth. Suit 1/2 people. £3 10s. wk. Box 4368.

SINGLE and double furnished rooms Marble Arch. Cooking facils., service, etc., from £2 7s. 6d. per week. Box 4596.

BEAUT. -lge. divan-lounge offd. prof. gentleman with breakfast. GLA. 3804.

ALL amenities, service, good meals, S.W.7. From 3½gns. each. Box 4323.

NR. Baker St., comf. sgle. B/S. rm., quiet homely house. Moderate. Bkfst. optl. Suit professional gentleman. PRI. 5514.

HAMPSTEAD. Lovely single ground-floor front room. H. & C. basin, cooking facil. Super accom. HAM. 7428 or Box 4590.

BEAUT. sgle. and dble. bed-sit. room. Use kit. Nr Kilburn Tube. HAM. 2132.

HAMPSTEAD (England Gdns.), large b/s. rm., priv. house. Use gdn., bath, c.h.w. Car parking enclosure. 3gns. HAM. 3408.

COMF. bed-sit. room overlkg. Hampstead Heath. Gas ring & wash-basin. Full board exc. week-day lunch. Suit prof. woman. Mod. terms. 19 Wellgarth Rd., N.W.11. SPE. 1294.

NEAR Woodside Park Stn. 2nd floor furn. flat. 3 rooms, kitchenette. Child welcomed. 4gns. Box 4271.

PROF. woman, civil servant, has well-furn. divan-room for another; use b., kit., gas-ring. Ken., W.8. 1st floor. Box 4520.

HAMPSTEAD: Attractive unfurnished flat facing Heath, 3 rooms, kitchen, bath, £200 per annum; owner interested exchange for similar accom. old Hampstead, Knightsbridge, Chelsea area. Write Box 4397.

YNG. prof. cple. want unfurn. flat £2 3 p.w. Hampstead area pref. Box 4355.

COLONIAL Service Officer, wife and small daughter, careful tenants, require furnished accommodation within easy reach Central London, about mid-January to mid-March. Reply Box 4400.

SINGLE man (40's) wishes to be sole p.g. in civilised household, country or town. (T.V. disliked!). Box 4530.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1511/2.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Fri. & Sat., 2.30 & 7.45. "Treasure Island"; next Tues.-Fri., 7.45 only. Sun., Jan. 10, 7.30, Ballads & Blues No. 4: "The Singing Sailorman" (Ballads, fo'castle songs & shanties), Ewan MacColl, A. L. Lloyd & many others.

ARTS. Tem 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "A London Actress." Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391), "Cinderella," tuneful, all-laughter Panto, Adm. 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d. (Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.).

IRVING, Leicester Sq., WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30. Sun. 9.30. "On with the New," our new Topical Intimate Revue. Licensed till midnight. Mems. 5s. year.

ANOUILH'S "Waltz of the Toreadors": first production in England. City Literary Inst., Stukeley St., Drury Lane, W.C.2., Jan. 21, 22, 23, 7.30 p.m. Tickets in advance only 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Cocteau Season: Until January 10: "Les Enfants Terribles" (X). From January 11: "La Belle et la Bête" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, Sth. Bk. Wat. 3232. Sat., Jan. 9. Walter Huston, Simone Simon in "All That Money Can Buy." (A). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 3520. Sun., Jan. 10, 7.30. "La Kermesse Heroique" (A) (Fr.).

"STAGECOACH," "The General" and "Molti Sogni" are among Hammersmith Film Society's 11 progs. this season. Next show 7.30, Jan 14, members' subs. 15s. p.a. Guest tickets 2s. 6d. (advance only). Sec., Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

"WORLD Without End," United Nations film of a unique educational experiment in Thailand and Mexico will be shown by the British Asian Socialist Fellowship at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1 on Sunday, January 10, at 4.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. Also "A String of Beads" (Assam), "Democracy in Action" (India), "Israel Journey," and "Republic of Indonesia."

EXCITING and entertaining new Hungarian film: "Try and Win." Jan 10 at 7.30 sharp; British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2 (2 min. Not. Hill Gate Stn.). Members & guests, adm. free.

AN Indian Feature Film, "Afsana," at the Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq. (Whi. 8657). Sat. (2.45) Sun. (2.45) & Mon. (7.0). Mem'ship. 5s. yr. Dine by Candlelight at our Restaurant. Fully licd. Open till midn't.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Fri., Jan. 15, 8.15. Music, some recordings of the music of Fartein Valen, introduced by Aleksandr Helmann. Members 2s., guests 3s.

DANCING at I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1., Sat. evgs. 8-11 to Dave De Vere, Jazz pianist & percussion. Members 2s. 6d., non-members 4s. 6d. Membership invited.

WEST African Students' Union Dance for Abbey Appeal Fund. Saturday, Jan. 16. Royal Horticultural Hall. Vincent Sq. Edric Connor, Verona Samuels, Bands: West African Rhythm Bros., Ron Somers. Tickets 5s. 7.30-11.30 p.m.

DANCE of the St. Marylebone Lab. Pty. and Fabian Soc., Jan. 9, 8 p.m.-12 p.m. The Railway Hotel, 100 West End Lane, N.W.6. Bar, Raffles, Square-dancing. Tkts. 4s. 6d.; ring CUN. 3418 or at door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

CHINESE Blue and White Porcelain, 14th to 19th centuries. Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Jan. 23. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18, Dover Street, W.1. George Keyt: Paintings & Drawings from Ceylon. Daily 10.30-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s. 6d.

DUFY. Arts Council Exhibition of paintings and drawings. Tate Gallery. Open till Feb. 7. Week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Some Rising Painters.

ARTISTS' & Writers' Club, 33 Haymarket, S.W.1. Recent paintings by Manuel Benaim. Jan. 7-23, daily 11-10, incl. Sats.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. New Year Exhibition—an annual event. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square. "Beautiful Europe," an exhibition of Paintings by Charlotte Christine Pusch.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Pic and Peter Potworowski.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. 6 Ceylonese Painters. Jan. 12-30. Dly. 11-6, inc. Saturdays. Admission free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MODERN Art in Finland. Arts Council Exhibition of paintings, sculpture, glass, ceramics, textiles, furniture, etc. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till Jan. 23. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "Alfred Adler's Contribution to Education," James Hemming, B.A., Friday, Jan. 15, at 7.30 p.m. punctually, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Jan. 12, 8.15 p.m. Lectures: The Painting of George Kevt by Martin Russell. Chairman: Roland Penrose. Members 2s., Guests 3s. Seminars on Æsthetic Problems VI "Problems of Perception," by Dr. Johannes Brengelmann. Thurs., Jan. 14, 8.15 p.m. Fully booked.

INAUGURAL Meeting: Younger People's Section (25-45 grp.), Technion Society of G.B., to assist Israel's development. Miss Clarica Davidson (Vice-President Social & Functions Committee) will preside. Thurs., Jan. 14, 8 p.m. Admn. by invitation only. Further partics. from Social Secy., 13 Mansfield St., W.1. LAN 1865.

WORLD Jewish Congress, British Section (in conjunction with the Jewish Book Council), introduce "Literature of the Churban," addresses by: Dr. Cecil Roth, D.Phil., on "The Literature of Jewish Suffering." Prof. David Diringer, D.Litt., M.A., on "Book Production in Ancient Israel," Chairman: Mr. J. Halevy, M.Sc., as part of the Jewish Book Week, at the Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, on Wednesday, January 13, 1954, at 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

WORLD Jewish Congress, British Section, Jewish Forum: "Need We Fear a New Hitler in Germany?" Speakers: Vincent Evans, new Editor, "Truth," formerly of "News Chronicle." Stephen Pollak, former Editor "United Nations News." Gerald Reitlinger, author, "The Final Solution." Reginald Sorensen, M.P., Chairman, International Friendship League. Chairman: J. Halevy, M.Sc. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43-44 Gt. Windmill St., W.1, Tues., Jan. 12, 8 p.m. Free.

SOVIET Chess Masters Alatorzev, Bronstein, Tolush. Simultaneous display, 60 boards. Wednesday, January 13, 6.30 p.m. National Chess Centre, Hill's Restaurant, 158 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

REV. E. G. Lee, editor "The Inquirer," will speak on "Christianity and the Present." Chairman, Baroness Ravensdale. Friday, January 15, 8.15 p.m. London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (off Leinster Terrace or Devonshire Terrace). All welcome.

ALBERT Schweitzer Evening. Readings in German by Midia Kraus-Pines. Tues. Jan. 12, 8 p.m. "Afrikanische Geschichten," &c., Club 1943, 1 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thursday, January 14, 6.30 p.m. Presentation by M. Francis Bolen, Pres. Belgian Comm. of Film Workers, of the Film (in colour): "Four Belgian Painters at Work," by Paul Haesaerts. Adm. free.

R. SORENSEN, M.P., talking on "Africa & Democracy." W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment. Tea 4; talk 4.45. Sun., Jan. 10.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Symposium on "Insanity and Crime." Speakers: Dr. Joshua Bierer, Director of the Institute of Social Psychiatry, and Mr. Bernard Gillis, Barrister-at-Law. Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St., W.C.2, on Monday, January 11 at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

SWAMI Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (nr. Holborn), Thursday, Jan. 14, 7.30: "The Psychology of Yoga." All welcome.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday at 7 p.m., Jan. 12. J. B. Coates, "The Future of Rationalism." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Friday, Jan. 15. General Debate on Citizenship.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Fawcett Saga." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Jan. 10, 6.30 p.m.

R. CLEMENTS: "Germany—Democracy or Dictatorship?" Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 7.15.

MRS. E. Leigh: "My visit to U.S.S.R." New Generation Group, Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd., nr. Hampstead Tube, Monday, Jan. 11, at 8.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1 Jan. 16 at 6 p.m. M. Yves Goéau: "Vielles chansons du pays nantais."

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public Lecture, 6.30 p.m., Wed., Jan. 13. "The Total Field of Buddhism" by Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

THE British Yugoslav Society Monthly Discussion Group. Jan. 12 at 8 p.m. "Freedom of Expression in Yugoslavia." 19 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Non-mems. 2s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENT. London Fabian Soc., Wed. Jan. 13. James MacColl "Whitehall or Town Hall?—Paying the Local Authority." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. 7.30. Vis. 2s.

"PAINTER'S Progress": lecture-demonstration by the well-known broadcaster, Mervyn Levy; arranged by Finsbury Art Group. Monday, January 11, 8.15 p.m. Finsbury Public Library, Skinner Street, E.C.1 (near Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue). Non-members 1s.

"ISRAEL—A Democracy." Speaker: The Hon. Edwin Samuel. The Royal Society of Arts, 6 John Adam Street, W.C.2. Monday, January 18 at 6 p.m. Members free, non-members 1s 6d. Tickets from the Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield Street, W.1.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 10, Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "Evolution and Morality." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

THE P.P.U. Religion Commission has moved to Studio, 29 Addison Avenue, W.11 (Nr. Holland Park Station), where a Pacifist Universalist Service will be held at 3.30 p.m. on the first and third Sunday in each month.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: send a card to the Warden for 1954 Handlist of residential Courses and Conferences.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY College London. Free Public Lectures, Spring Term 1954. Mon. and Fri., Jan. 18, 22, 25, 29, Feb. 1, 5, 8, 12, at 5, Professor C. Vann Woodward, Southern History and American Legend. Thurs., Jan. 21, at 5.15, Professor C. R. Boxer, Admiral M. H. Tromp and the First Anglo-Dutch War. Tues., Jan. 26, Feb. 2, 9, 16, at 5.30, Shearman Memorial Lectures by Professor W. V. Quine, Logical Form and Subject Matter. Thurs., Jan 28, at 5.15, Mr. I. R. Christie, Horace Walpole and his Age. Thurs., Feb. 4, at 5.15, Mr. A. J. Taylor, Coal and Politics in the Nineteenth Century. Thurs., Feb. 18, 25, Mar. 4, 11, at 5.30, Professor E. Devons, Newmarch Lectures in Economic Statistics. Mon. and Thurs., Feb. 22, 25, Mar. 1, 4, at 5.30, Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature by Mr. V. S. Pritchett, The Comic Element in the English Novel. Wed., Feb. 24, at 5, Professor G. Devoto, La formazione della lingua letteraria italiana nel quadro della società medievale (in Italian). Thurs., Feb. 25, at 5.30, Seton Memorial Lecture by Professor E. F. Jacob, Johannes de Rupescissa. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped envelope reqd.)

"THE Man-Woman Relationship." Progressive League Week-end Conference, Feb. 19-21, at Bricklehem Bay Hotel, nr. Chichester. Chairman, Tom Hopkinson. Programme: G. Rattray Taylor: "The Sexes in History," Dr. James Taylor: "Childhood and Sexual Development." Dr. Stella Churchill: "Some Sexual Difficulties in Everyday Life." Dr. Culver Barker: "The Dilemma of Personality," Dorothy Hopkinson: "The New Adam in Relation to the New Eve." Fees £2 15s., single and double rooms 5s. extra per head. Apply A. C. Rankin, 43 West Park, London, S.E.9 (Enquiries ELT. 1761 before 6 p.m.).

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies (University Extension Courses). A wide variety of subject interest is covered in the new Spring Term programme of evening courses which begin in mid-January, 1954. Subjects include:—1. Anthropology and Race Relations. 2. Archæology. 3. British Weather. 4. British Woodlands. 5. Chinese Ceramics. 6. Heraldry. 7. Palæography. 8. The Measurement of Ability. 9. The Progress of Medical Science. Many other University Extension Courses, some residential, will be held at centres in London and the Home Counties. Further information may be obtained from the Deputy Director (Extension), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

ECONOMICS for the frustrated! Free ten-week discussion courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy will begin at Westminster on Tuesday, January 19, and Thursday, January 21, 7 to 9 p.m. Write for prospectus to the Secretary, The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.1, or telephone ABBey 6665.

CLASSES will also be held at Ilford, Muswell Hill, Enfield and Welling (Kent) on Wednesdays 8 to 10 p.m., beginning January 20, and at Croydon on Thursdays 8 to 10 p.m., beginning January 21. Write or telephone for prospectus and full particulars (stating area) to the Secretary, The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, S.W.1. Telephone ABBey 6665.

ERIC de Peyer, late of the Isobel Cripps Centre, is now teaching the Alexander method at 7 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. (SLO. 3141.) This method teaches you how to keep poised but relaxed and to undo tensions causing chronic discomfort or pain.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

W.E.A. (Golders Green Branch). 12 weekly lectures on "Comparative Religion" by Mr W. C. Dowling, B.A., at 9 The Park, North End Rd., N.W.11, at 8 p.m., commencing Wednesday, January 13.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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